Aug. 5, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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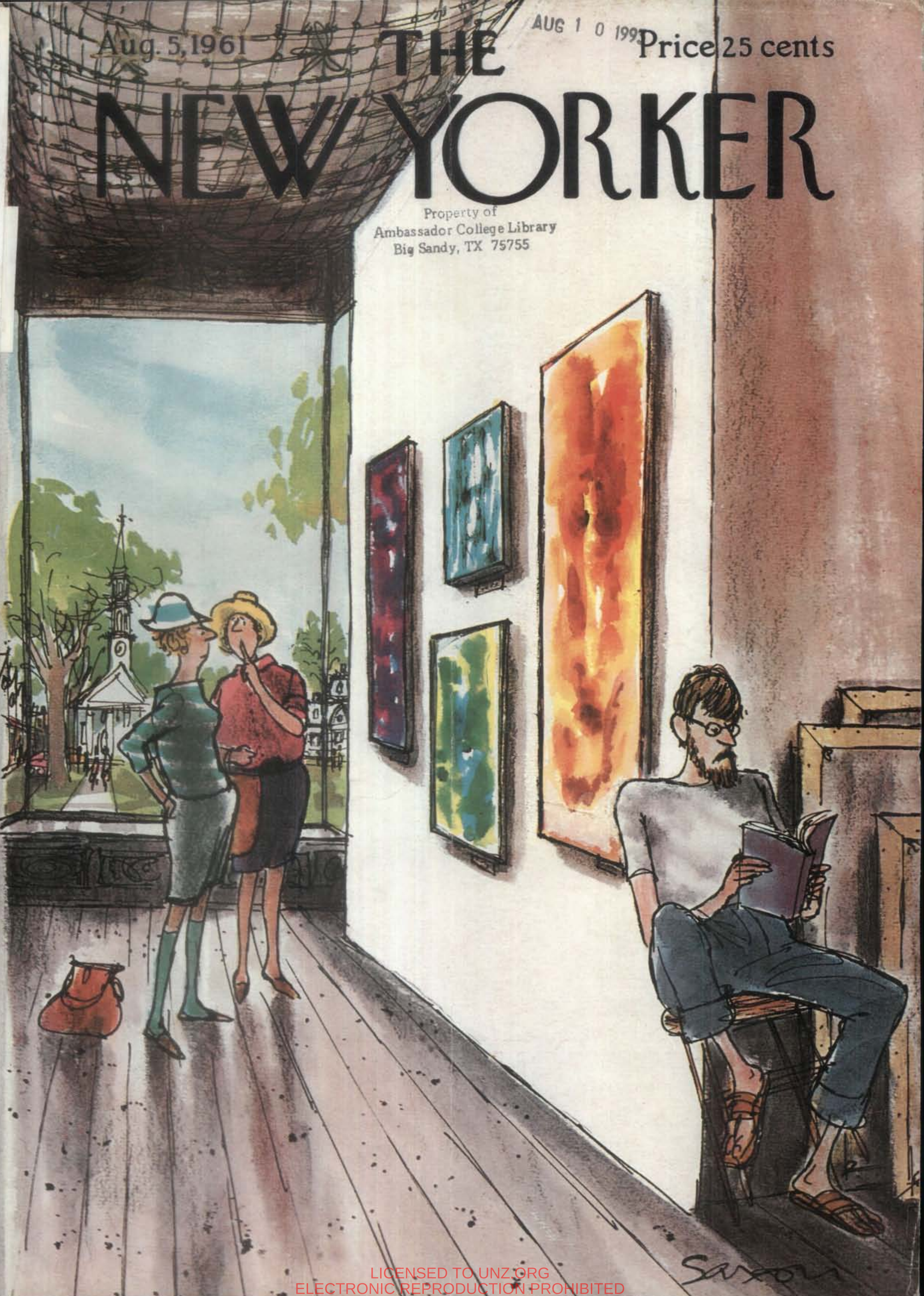

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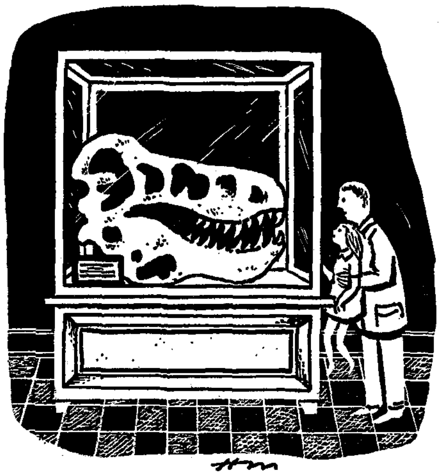
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. May close Saturday, Aug. 5.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's rather weak comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. Julius La Rosa will substitute for Mr. March for two weeks starting Thursday, Aug. 10. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Far Country—Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker are impressive in this play by Henry Denker, which deals with Freud's first experiment in psychoanalysis, but the element of suspense is sorely lacking. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—Very funny dialogue superimposed on the old theme of an estranged and charming couple who are trying to get back together. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell do this comedy by Jean Kerr proud. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and comical report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel and Ralph Meeker lead the cast, which is splendid, through all sorts of remarkable capers. The direction, by Joseph Anthony, is imaginative, and the translation from the French, by Derek Prouse, is altogether estimable. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Aug. 5, for four weeks.)

Long Runs—**A TASTE OF HONEY:** This play by a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor. With Frances Cuka and Hermione Baddeley. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under way, but once it hits its stride, there are all kinds of stimulating doings, including a freewheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Gower Champion has directed the play with a lot of verve, Will Steven Armstrong has provided clever sets, and Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard add plenty of liveliness to the proceedings. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn are now the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FIORELLO!:** The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **IRMA LA DOUCE:** An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN:** Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. The score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and The Death of Bessie Smith—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

41st Street Theatre Summer Comedy Festival—Through Sunday, Aug. 6: Denise Darcel in "The Little Hut." . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, Aug. 8: Donald Cook in "The Moon Is Blue." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays, except Aug. 8, through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8; Tuesday, Aug. 8, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, as Hedda, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The Threepenny Opera—Marked down from fourpence. In the cast are David Atkinson and Estelle Parsons. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Kathleen Widdoes and John Call. (Wollman Rink, Central Park. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 19.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—All the world's a stage, and you know it the minute you get here. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play dance music for anyone to whom pageantry is not enough. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians offers invitations to the dance all week long. Renato Rossini's guitar, which alternates between heartbreak and heart's balm, indulges in solo flights every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The cheery Rendez-Vous is presided over by Charles Columbus, an old Mayfair Dances hand, and the small bands of Charles Holden and Mark Monte play on, play on for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the dance band of Milton Saunders, a New Yorker of many years' standing and serving, has the floor most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Up above the world so high, little stars are twinkling in their Balenciaga ball gowns as they waltz to the summer breezes of Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano in which selectivity and sensitivity go hand in hand. He's around from five to ten every night but Sunday.

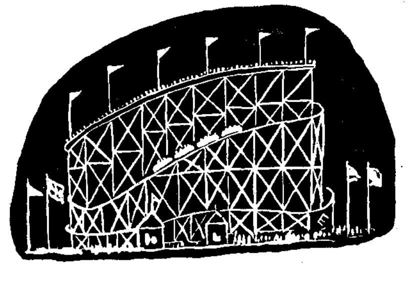
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Walldorfkeller, an inn that would be quite at ease on an Austrian Alp, is filled with the sound of Josef Seidl's well-played zither until midnight every evening but Sunday.

Note—A captain's walk at the top of midtown Manhattan's mainmast can be found in the Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Drinking-and-dining music drifts mildly from a trio and a solo piano that start at four-thirty and continue through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Real characters, character actors, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder and all made in New York. Marty Berns, who knows the sort of piano that goes with this charade, begins at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight. From then on, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders share the evening stint—lovelorn single and hubble-bubble double piano. Closed every weekend, Friday through Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): High noon along the Rialto. Despite the traffic's boom, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way from table to table, tailed by a pair of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Wayne Sanders is, for the moment, the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Fine Italian hands putting their heads together to produce a Florentine restaurant *cum* bar *cum* dance pavilion *cum* opera house. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. He guides a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays and a tiny opera company (Puccini and all those cats) Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Rant and rave, Spain's two most popular sports, are being carried on here by a colonial troupe from the Argentine. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Cast out the moat in the eye of the beholder as he crosses the drawbridge into this toyland, and you have an up-to-date restaurant, whose tables are circumnavigated by Max Ellin's violin every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A small greenroom that becomes sprightly whenever Cal Bostic sits down at the house piano and begins singing whatever comes to mind. The other amusement is the not-to-be-taken-too-seriously picture gallery on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very down-to-earth bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a pair of street singers and a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. After the theatre, a clutch of orioles (new ones show up every week or so) comes onstage like swallows returning to Sorrento. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): To the astonishment of the older habitués, a flamenco dancer named Fernanda is apt to pop onstage and, surrounded by the appropriate ageless music, explode into a shower of stamping feet. The rest of the time, a piano muses in a corner. No Fernanda on Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Indigenous stringed instruments vibrate every night all the way from dinner through supper. Jorge Rios, the pianist, guitarist, and singer in the bar, has Sundays to himself. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Monday, Aug. 7, ends the vacation of this small Madrid, which, like its namesake, is fond of piano, guitar, soprano, and late hours. Closed Sundays.



BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Unadorned (except for the legal minimum) beauty, led by the antic Gloria Le Roy, is presenting a midsummer night's dream of fair women. It's interspersed with a couple of the fine old foreign acrobatic acts of the sort that only the Latin Quarter now affords us, as well as with domestic interpolations—for one, Dorothy Lamour, who is (as expected) *toujours* Lamour, and Jack Durant, a rough-and-ready humorist. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Julius La Rosa, a troubadour who likes to lead from strength, and Bobby Ramsen, latest of the that-reminds-me monologuists, take their leave on Wednesday, Aug. 9, to be succeeded next evening by Dick Haymes and Fran Jeffries, who combine their voices with various results. The eight woodland nymphs who execute (and all that this implies) the choreography will be kept on as household pets, and why not? Dancing. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): A house possibly divided against itself—on the one hand, Joe Williams in an advanced state of the blues, a mood nurtured by the background of Harry Edison and his band; on the other hand, Rusty Warren, a soprano apt to inject another variety of bluing into her repertory. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's summer theatre, dedicated—as is its custom—to a miniature revue that is first cousin to his winter theatre and that passes the literacy test with flying colors. The female impishness in the performance thereof is the work of a small brush fire named Freddie Weber, and the female sorcery for the two merry ganders—Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon—is provided by the handsome Lovelady Powell. The double piano set forth by Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood is a liberal education in the arts. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The revue in the back room is partly entangled in what Latins fear the American tourist likes, FAST! FRENCH! FABULOUS!

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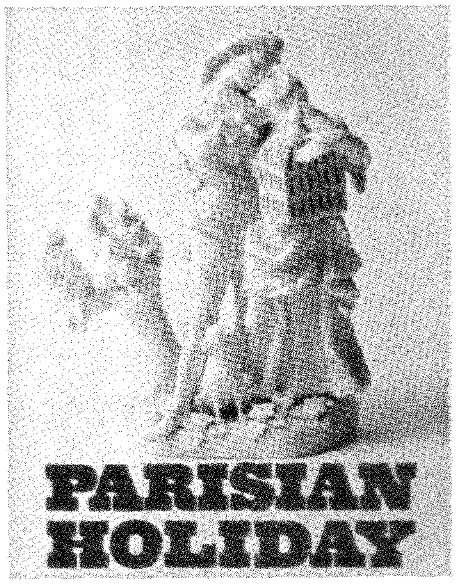

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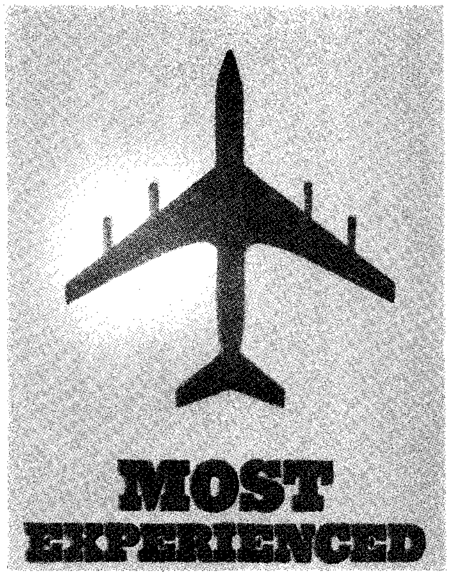

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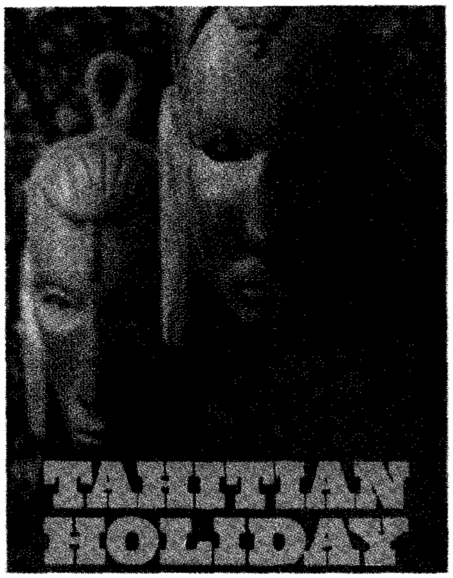

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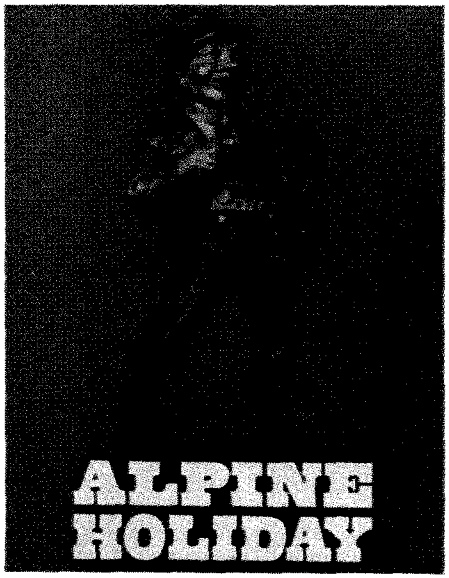

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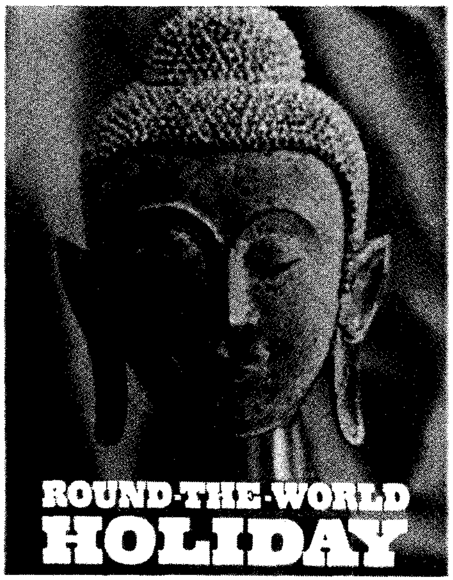

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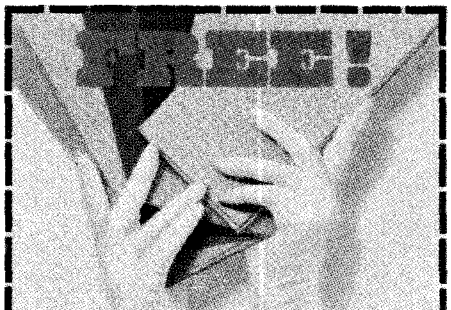

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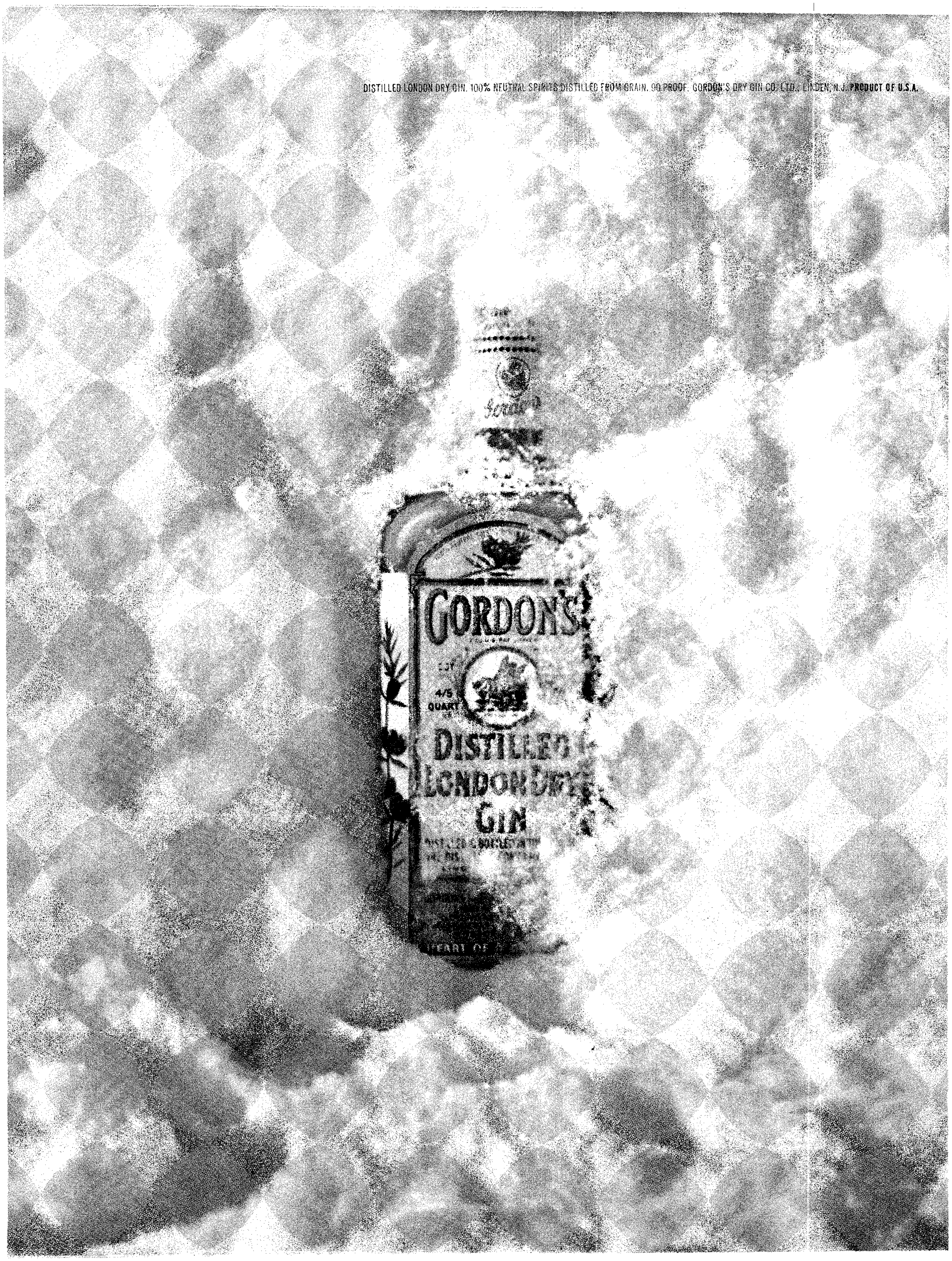
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(mix an iced drink with Gordon's to see how they do it)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

but the triad of flamenco fanatics makes up for that, and the dancing of the customers, urged on by Quintero's honest-to-goodness Spanish band, is an extra dividend. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so persuasive that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A lot of the evening is expended on "Greenwich Village, U.S.A. 1961," a toy revue upon which the outgoing ebullience of such New York types as Burke McHugh and Del Hanley is often wasted. The permanent party—Tiger Haynes and the music of his manic Three Flames, as well as Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier*—is still around. Loumel Morgan and the unique Don Evans do the intermission piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): One more revue in miniature, in this instance a very, very social history written by the impious R. G. Brown, who serves also as half of the extremely satisfactory cast. Marian Mercer, as a free-as-air social butterfly, is the other half. The score, by Baldwin Bergersen, whose piano is the orchestra, is *premier cru*. Weekdays at 11:30 P.M., Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and 11:30. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Pee Wee Russell's unquenchable clarinet is recounting man's sorrows on earth and expressing a determination to do something about them. Ruby Braff and Marshall Brown are among those who are with him body and soul, and Mr. Condon's classic stringed instrument is now and then added to the mixture. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Modern Jazz Quartet is a nautilus of many-chambered music, all of it arresting; the quintet owned by Jimmy Raney and Jim Hall is mainly out for a real good time. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell—are carrying on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Kenny Davern and his Washington Squares, among them Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin, are making it clear that American music had a glorious past. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): What comes from the carefully thought-out Don Shirley trio, which is inside the oval bar every night but Monday, is practically *risorgimento* jazz. Frances Thompson, who does the intermission piano, gives an excellent account of herself, too. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls of the Bastille and Niagara. Woody Herman's band (off duty Sundays), Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays), and Sol Yaged's quintet (on duty Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson's horde of banshees, justly famous for crying out loud, is the kingpin; the mopping up is done by a quintet in which Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and Johnny Griffin are prominent. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Joe Castro's trio and Louis Metcalf's quartet, both of which can be taken or left alone, depart on Saturday, Aug. 5; on Monday, Aug. 7, the foursome belonging to Bobby Hackett, the impeccable and permanent young man with a horn, and the threesome of Lee Evans, which is village-green band-concert, move in. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The principal activity is the free-thinking Ornette Coleman and his quartet, a splinter group of progressives who may mean the end of music as we know it today. Walter Dickerson's quartet does the rest of the work. The Colemans are off the premises on Tuesdays, the Dickersons are away on Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Ray Bryant's brisk trio, weaving neat little private jokes into its infinite variations, and Aretha Franklin, one of the newest singers around, will be replaced—on Tuesday, Aug. 8—by the quintet of John Coltrane, who just loves practicing his scales. Closed Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Lennie Tristano's piano tells us in mournful numbers what modern life is all about, and the keening behind him is done by three compatible spirits, one of whom is Lee Konitz. On Tuesday, Aug. 8, there'll be a change of cast—a quintet headed by Clark Terry, an Ellington alumnus, and Bob Brookmeyer, a Mulligan alumnus—that also means a change of pace. Closed Mondays.

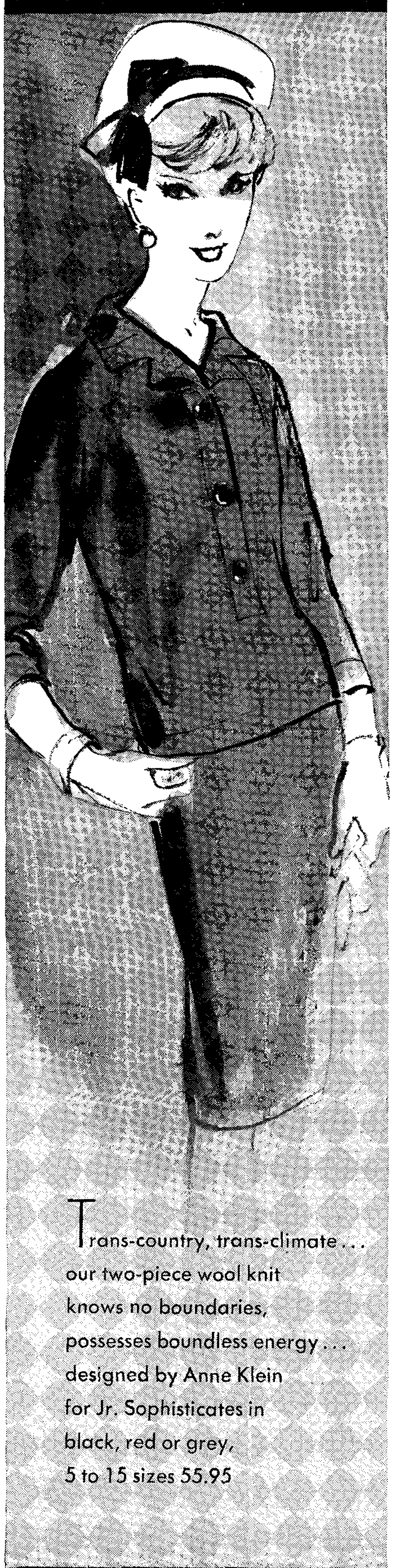
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Aug. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through Friday, Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Priscilla Roberts, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1. . . . KENNEDY, 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through Aug. 25. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: A summer group show of paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Henry Koerner, Robert Vickrey and Raimondo Puccinelli; through Friday, Aug. 11. . . . NORDNESS, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of works in various mediums by contemporary painters and sculptors, including Alfred Blaustein, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald; through Sept. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the KNAPIK, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Such painters and sculptors as Giacometti, Vieira da Silva, Earl Kerkam, Arp, and Bernard Reder; through Friday, Aug. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings, principally by Impressionist and Post-Impressionist artists (including Monet, Cézanne, and Pissarro), on loan from private collections in the New York City area; through Aug. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12. A supplementary exhibit of more than a hundred drawings and etchings by Boccioni (1882-1916); through Sunday, Aug. 6. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of seventy-five recent paintings by fifteen leading contemporary Polish artists, including Brzozowski, Kobzdej, and Kantor; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martin de Fuentidueña, on long-term loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—American drawings (Benjamin West to the present) from the Paul Magriel collection; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Miró, Mondrian, Picasso, and Wols; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Epstein, and Gris. Through Aug. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe,"

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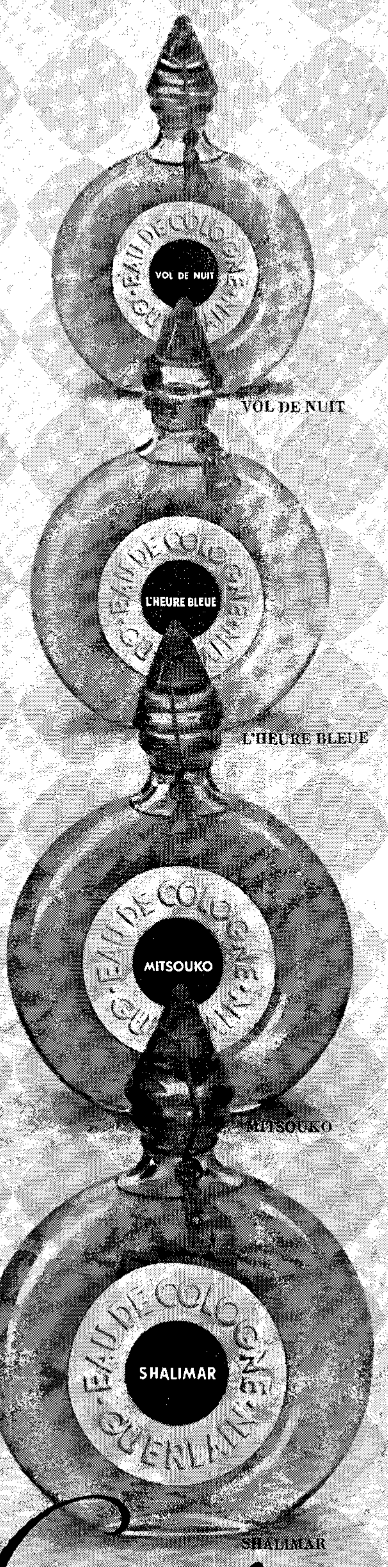

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an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 3: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with José Iturbi, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5: Salvatore Dell'Isola directing a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Barbara Cook, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; William Tabbert, tenor; Jack Russell, baritone; and a chorus. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 18.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in an all-Beethoven program, with Charles Libove, violin. The first in a series of five weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra. The first two in a series of four free weekly concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 3, and Thursday, Aug. 10, both at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Wollman Rink Concerts—Maurice Peress conducting the Festival Chamber Orchestra. The third in a series of six free concerts. (Central Park, Monday, Aug. 7, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Temple Rodeph Sholom, 7 W. 83rd St.)

Chamber Music in Washington Square—Russell Stanger conducting a chamber orchestra. The first in a series of four free weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 7, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Judson Memorial Church, Washington Sq. S.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, Aug. 3: Dick Wellstood and the Fats Waller Alumni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 10: Buck Clayton's All-Stars. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops, with Earl Wild, piano. A benefit for the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: A chamber-music concert by the Kroll Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Richard Burgin directing the Boston Symphony, with Nancy Carr, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein directing, with the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting; no soloists.

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, Aug. 5, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Dizzy Gillespie's band. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: To be announced. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 3:30: Pete Seeger,

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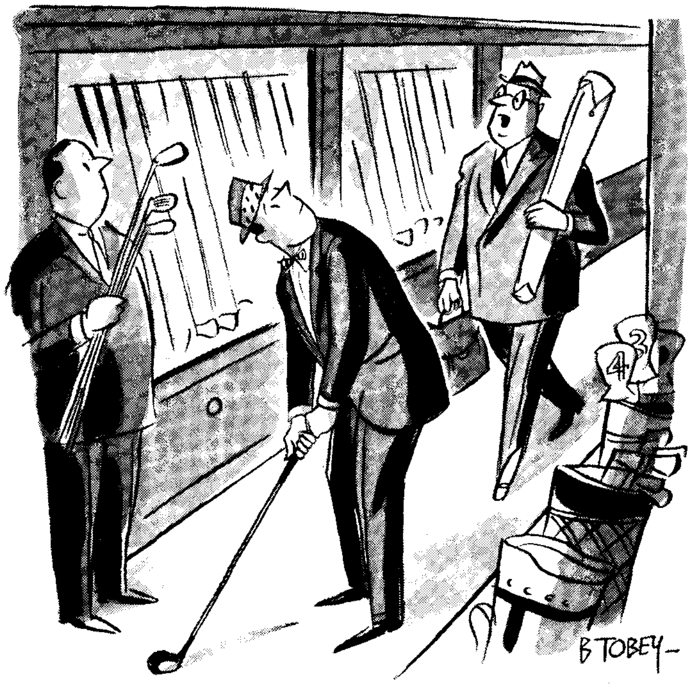

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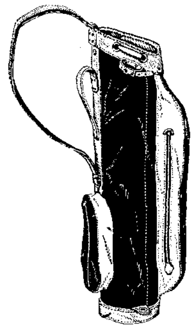

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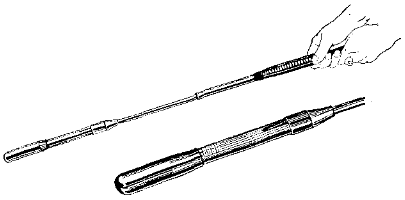

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

folk singer. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Lionel Hampton's band. (Lenox, Mass.)

Castle Hill Concerts—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5: The Kingston Trio, folk singers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 11-12: Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Empire State Music Festival—Final performances of the season by the Empire State Festival Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 3: A staged production of Puccini's opera "La Bohème," conducted by D. Marzollo and with Licia Albanese, soprano; Frank Valentino, baritone; William Wildermann and Salvatore Baccaloni, basses; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4: A staged production of Puccini's opera "Madame Butterfly," conducted by Laszlo Halasz and with Camilla Williams, soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Frank Valentino, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5: A staged production of Bizet's opera "The Pearl Fishers," conducted by Laszlo Halasz and with Ginetta La Bianca, soprano; Giuseppe Campora, tenor; Hugh Thompson, baritone; and Tom Paul, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6: Skitch Henderson conducting a pop concert, with Stuart Foster, baritone. (Anthony Wayne Recreation Area, Bear Mountain-Harriman State Park. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call OX 7-0490.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Ward Davenny, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 6, at 4.)

Silvermine Guild Chamber-Music Concerts—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Leonid Hambro, piano. (New Canaan, Conn. Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:30.)

Stony Brook Summer Music Festival—Howard Barlow conducting the Stony Brook Festival Orchestra, with John Corigliano, violin. The final concert of the season. (Dogwood Hollow Amphitheatre, Stony Brook, L.I. Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Myra Kinch and her company, Jean Léon Destiné and his company of Haitian dancers, and Galena Santsova and Hans Meister. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 8-12: The Young Danes from the Royal Danish Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Kansas City, Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota Twins, Friday, Aug. 4, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 5, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 7-8, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 9-10, at 2.

Boxing—Benny (Kid) Paret vs. Don Fullmer, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Saturday, Aug. 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

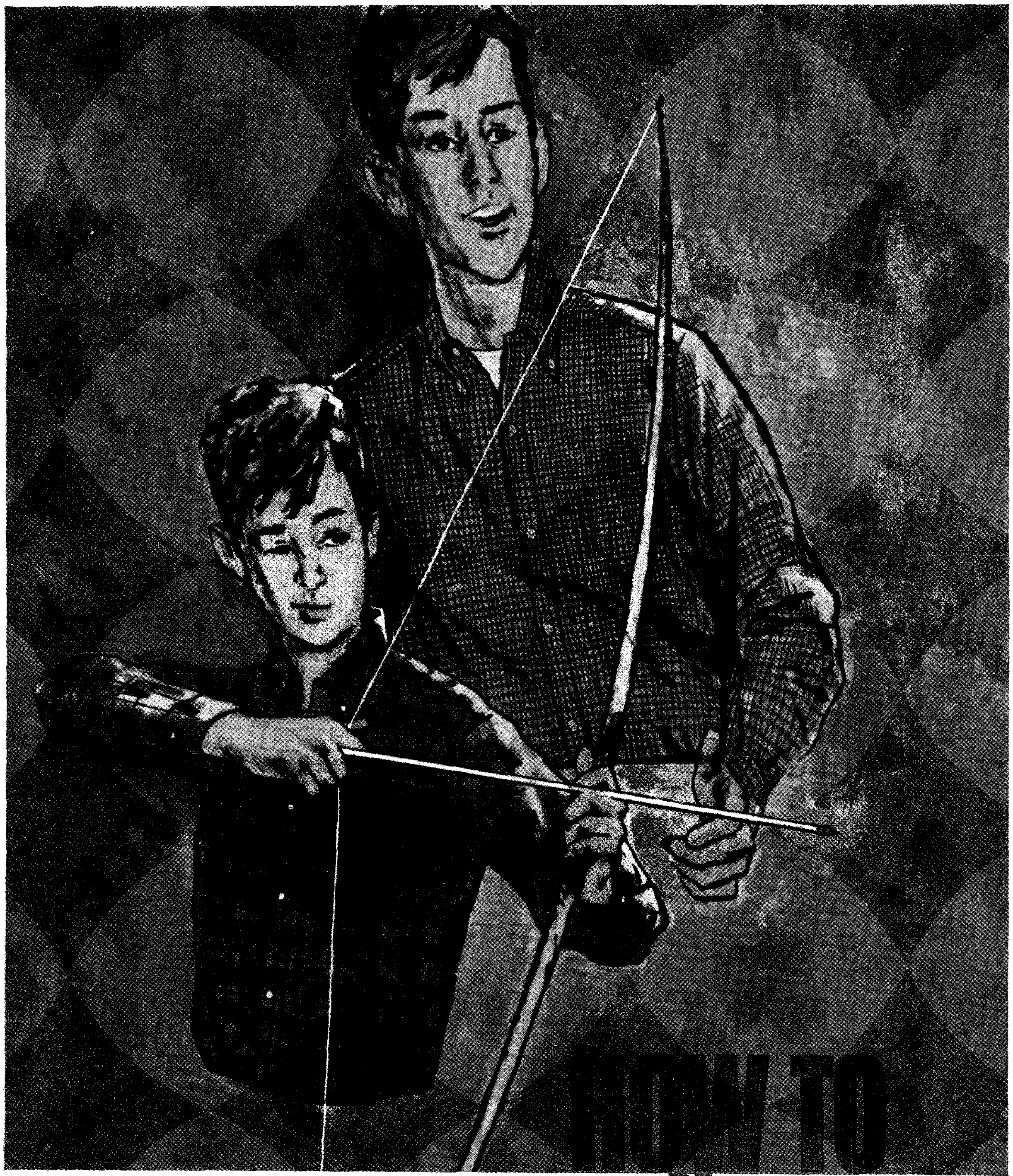
Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 10-13.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 12.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 5; the Schuylerville, Monday, Aug. 7; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 12. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday at 12:20 and Saturday at 11:50. A boat will leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., each day at 11, and will be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 7, through Tuesday, Oct. 3. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds: Final game of the American Challenge Cup series, Everton (England)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vs. Dukla (Czechoslovakia), Sunday, Aug. 6, at 4:30.

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday, Aug. 5, at 2:30, and Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 6.)...¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 7-13.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:25; through Thursday, Sept. 28.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Thursday through Monday, Aug. 10-14, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, forty to sixty meteors an hour may be visible.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 5: *Theatre will be closed.* ... ¶ *Starting* Aug. 6: "Touch of Evil" (1958), with Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh, the last film in a series called "The Cinema of Orson Welles." (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Aug. 15-17 and Sept. 1-10.

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 10.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Ardsley Country Club, Ardsley-on-Hudson. Aug. 17.)... ¶ U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Aug. 29.)

Horse Shows—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Aug. 25-27.)... ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 2-4.)...¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 7-9.)...¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 14-17.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 9 and Sept. 16.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Aug. 28-Sept. 30.

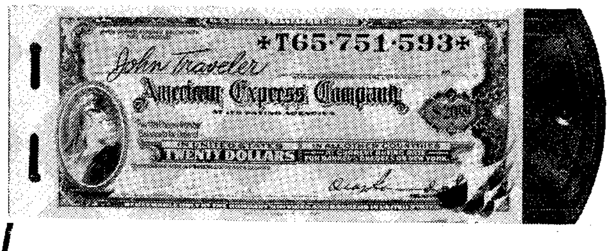
Sports-Car Racing—At BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Aug. 26-27.... THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Sept. 2-4.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 14-20.)...¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 20-27.)...¶ National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Sept. 1-10.)

Music—Randalls Island Jazz Festival, Aug. 25-27.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the City Center, Aug. 29-Sept. 17....¶ Leningrad Kirov Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 11-30.

Other Dates—Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 30-Sept. 17....¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 1-24.... ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 4....¶ Third-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Friday, Sept. 15.



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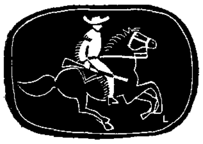
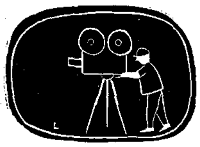


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Director Grigori Chukhrai tells his story about a young soldier's short leave by concentrating on the faces of two young lovers (Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko) and by viewing the carnage through their guileless and tragically youthful gaze. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 9, tentative.)

Ben-Hur—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

A Cold Wind in August—A short, blunt, occasionally unpleasant, and always nervously alive account of an affair between a frustrated stripper (Lola Albright) and an innocent boy (Scott Marlowe). Not altogether successful, but among the few recent American pictures that one can speak of with respect, and brilliantly photographed. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, and café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is superb, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is beautiful and exciting from start almost to finish. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Fanny—An overblown and somewhat overripe non-musical version of the well-known musical comedy. Not the least outrageous thing about it is that it turns out to be delightful, thanks to Josh Logan's unabashedly broad direction and splendid bouts of overacting by heavyweights Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer and lightweights Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Fate of a Man—The suffering undergone by a humble Russian carpenter and his family during the Second World War makes a long and tragic film, which Sergei Bondarchuk has directed with great force and in which he plays the lead. Mercifully, there is a happy ending. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Aug. 6.)

The Love Game—In this captivating sketch of love-in-idleness, a pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. The scene is mostly a tiny antiques shop on the Left Bank. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 4-7.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry has adapted her own play about the effect of an insurance check for ten thousand dollars on a Negro matriarch and her family in a Chicago tenement. It has lost something on its way from the stage to the screen, but its spirit and vitality have survived the trip. Daniel Petrie is the director, and the cast, which includes Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, and Ruby Dee, is substantially the same one that opened on Broadway. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 8.)

Rocco and His Brothers—A widowed mother and her many sons leave their wretched farm in the south of Italy to find work and an improved social position in the urban north. Luchino Visconti, whose creation this splendid movie is, takes a dark view of the possibilities of life and love, and though you won't be entertained by his long and harsh statement, you will almost certainly wind up feeling glad that you endured it. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—A young English factory worker fighting a private and high-spirited war for independence is the hero of this movie. As played by Albert Finney, he is appealing and, for the most part, believable, even though Mr. Finney's freedom as an actor is somewhat curtailed by rather heavy-handed direction. The script, by Alan Sillitoe, couldn't be better. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Secrets of Women—A northern Decameron, three episodes long, in which the gifted Ingmar Bergman hints that all marriages are more or less nightmares, then makes us smile as if at pleasant dreams. Several members of the Bergman repertory are on hand and in admirable form. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Truth—Old-fashioned in style but racy and up-to-the-minute in content, this first-rate courtroom drama about a promiscuous young Parisian murderess (she has killed her lover in what is probably the only disinterested act of her life) stars a brand-new actress named Brigitte Bardot, who is every bit as pretty and sexy as that old non-actress Brigitte Bardot. Henri-Georges Clouzot is the man behind both the picture and La Bardot. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. . . . ¶ Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; Aug. 3.)

Tunes of Glory—A splashy, uneven film about a peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. What puts it on everybody's "must-see" list is the astonishing bravura performance of Sir Alec Guinness as a complex, sentimental bully who pulls down his world about his head. John Mills is remarkable, too, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson assist in the skirmishings. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 8.)

Two-Way Stretch—A broad and happy farce, showing exactly how to break out of a progressive British prison, steal a truckload of diamonds, and break back in again, all in the same night. Peter Sellers is wickedly funny as the chief jailbird, and he gets talented help from Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 8, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 9, tentative.)

Two Women—The happy scenes in this movie are set in a mountain village in Italy, the unhappy ones in Rome and on the road to Rome. Vittorio De Sica directed it from a script by Cesare Zavattini, which, in turn, is from a novel by Alberto Moravia. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are the principal actors, and everyone concerned is in absolutely top form. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Animal Farm (1954)—An English cartoon film based on George Orwell's acid allegory about totalitarian ways. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 4-7.)

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; Aug. 7-8.)

Robert Benchley One-Reelers—The master bumbler in "A Night at the Movies" (1937), "How to Sleep" (1935), and four other short films. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 8.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 9. On Monday, Aug. 7, only, the last showing will begin at 4:20.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama, with Joel McCrea, Albert Basserman, and Robert Benchley. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 3. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 7, at 6:15 and 10.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 9, tentative.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Little Fugitive (1953)—Richie Andrusco as a little boy who has himself a day at Coney Island despite the thought that he *may* have killed his brother. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—The old German picture about a girls' boarding school. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 9. On Monday, Aug. 7, only, the last showing will begin at 2:55.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 8, tentative.)

Me and the Colonel (1958)—Danny Kaye as a Jewish refugee fleeing the Nazis after the invasion of France. Curt Jurgens and Nicole Maurey give him a hand. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of St. Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Old-school Western. Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 3.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 7, at 7:45 and 11:30.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 9, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Jason Robards, Jr.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Aug. 3: **THE TRUTH**.
From Aug. 4: "Picnic," revival, William Holden, Rosalind Russell; and "Twinkle and Shine" (formerly called "It Happened to Jane"), revival, Doris Day, Jack Lemmon.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3070)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
FANNY.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Tammy, Tell Me True," Sandra Dee, John Gavin.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 9 (tentative): **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug. 6: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss; and "The Fiercest Heart," Stuart Whitman, Juliet Prowse.
Aug. 7-8: "Anastasia," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner; and "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From Aug. 9: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas; and "Atlas," Michael Forrest.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 8 (tentative): "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds.
From Aug. 9 (tentative): **TWO-WAY STRETCH**; and "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 5: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss; and "The Fiercest Heart," Stuart Whitman, Juliet Prowse.
Aug. 6-8: "Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor; and "Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.
From Aug. 9: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas; and "Atlas," Michael Forrest.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 6: **TUNES OF GLORY**.
From Aug. 7: "The Joker" (in French), Anouk Aimée, Jean-Pierre Cassel.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 8 (tentative): **TWO-WAY STRETCH**.
From Aug. 9 (tentative): "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 6: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss; and "The Fiercest Heart," Stuart Whitman, Juliet Prowse.
Aug. 7-8: "Anastasia," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner; and "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From Aug. 9: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas; and "Atlas," Michael Forrest.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
BEN-HUR.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 3: **STAGECOACH**, revival; and **FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT**, revival.
Aug. 4-7: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French); and **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival.
From Aug. 8: **FANFAN THE TULIP** (in French), revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.

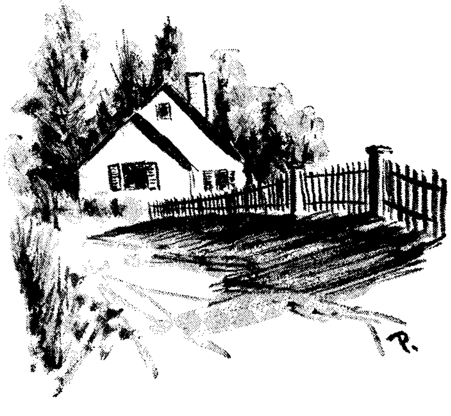
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Aug. 5: **TWO-WAY STRETCH**; and "The Tailor's Maid" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica.
Aug. 6-7: "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley; and "Some Came Running," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From Aug. 8: "Bell, Book and Candle," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 8 (tentative): **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
From Aug. 9 (tentative): **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival; and **GENEVIEVE**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SECRETS OF WOMEN (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 8: "Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor; and "Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.
From Aug. 9: "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," James Darren, Deborah Walley; and "The Warrior Empress," Kerwin Mathews, Tina Louise.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 8: **TUNES OF GLORY**.
From Aug. 9: "Sins of Youth" (in French and English), Agnes Laurent; and "The Summer Wind Blows" (in Swedish), Margit Carlquist.



Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Aug. 6: **FATE OF A MAN** (in Russian).
From Aug. 7: "The Joker" (in French), Anouk Aimée, Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Misty," David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Leda" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
APARAJITO, **PATHER PANCHALI**, and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 8: "Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor; and "Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.
From Aug. 9: "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," James Darren, Deborah Walley; and "The Warrior Empress," Kerwin Mathews, Tina Louise.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 9: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and **MÄDCHEN IN UNIFORM** (in German), revival. (On Monday, Aug. 7, only, the last showing will begin at 2:55. At 6:15 and 10, there will be showings of **FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT**, revival; and **THE 39 STEPS**, revival.)

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 8: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**; and "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor.
From Aug. 9: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Heller in Pink Tights," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn.

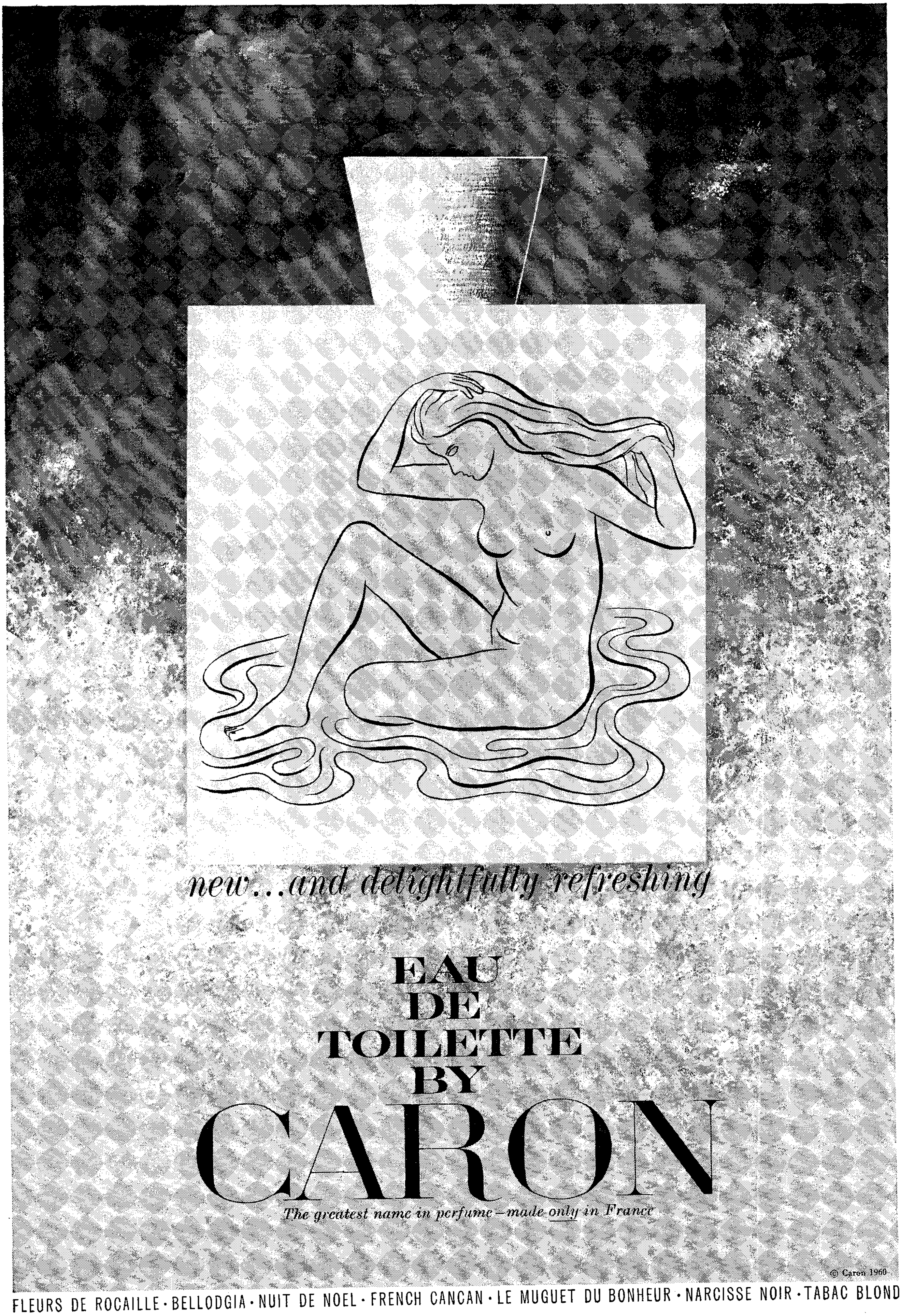
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 3: **ME AND THE COLONEL**, revival; and "The Golden Age of Comedy," revival, a silent-movie anthology.
Aug. 4: **LA STRADA** (in Italian), revival; and "Rendezvous with Juliet" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin, Brigitte Auber.
Aug. 5: **TIGER BAY**, revival; and "Private Property," revival, Kate Manx, Corey Allen.
Aug. 6: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival; and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian), revival, Galina Ulanova.
Aug. 7: **MONSIEUR VINCENT** (in French), revival; and **LITTLE FUGITIVE**, revival.
Aug. 8: **ANIMAL FARM**, revival; and **ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS**, revivals.
Aug. 9: A program of four short films dealing with psychology.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Aug. 6: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss; and "The Fiercest Heart," Stuart Whitman, Juliet Prowse.
Aug. 7-8: "Anastasia," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner; and "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From Aug. 9: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas; and "Atlas," Michael Forrest.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 8: **TUNES OF GLORY**.
From Aug. 9: "Sins of Youth" (in French and English), Agnes Laurent; and "The Summer Wind Blows" (in Swedish), Margit Carlquist.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 8: "Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor; and "Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.
From Aug. 9: "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," James Darren, Deborah Walley; and "The Warrior Empress," Kerwin Mathews, Tina Louise.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Aug. 6: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss; and "The Fiercest Heart," Stuart Whitman, Juliet Prowse.
Aug. 7-8: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival; and "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.
From Aug. 9: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas; and "Atlas," Michael Forrest.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have been talking to the savants of celestial mechanics about the time it would take men like Major Gagarin, Commander Shepard, and Captain Grissom to sail among the stars and galaxies. It goes without saying that the latter-day travellers have much longer journeys ahead of them than their heroic predecessors had, but we were sad to learn that the illustrious explorers of our century still have quite a little way to go before they take their places in the pantheon of history beside Alexander the Great, Marco Polo, Columbus, and Vasco da Gama. Before our researches, we had taken it for granted that the collective enthusiasm and technological efforts of humanity would very soon carry the Gagarins and Shepards and Grissoms to their distant destinations, but now we are struck by a host of second thoughts. The men in the know tell us that an astronaut (which, according to its roots, means an interstellar sailor) would have to sail twenty-six trillion miles, or twenty-six million million miles, before he reached the star closest to the earth. This luminary, situated in the Centaur constellation, is conveniently called Alpha. Should there be some intractable poets who prefer to sing their lays to Jason and the Argonauts instead of to Shepard and the astronauts, we are now in a position to supply them with a few of the awesome facts about escaping this untidy, troubled earth and sailing to Alpha.

In the first place, sailing for an astronaut is far more hazardous than the Argonauts' passage through the Symplegades. In the second place, to become a full-fledged astronaut is at least a million times more difficult than becoming a planetonaut, which, in turn, is twenty-six million times more difficult than remaining a terranaut, because Venus, when closest to us, is about twenty-six million miles away, and an astronaut would have to go quite a stretch from there—25,999,974,000,000 miles, to be specific—before touching, in George Eliot's words, the "golden fruit upon a tree/All out of reach." (Detours necessary for the passage through space would probably treble or quadruple the mileage, but since the obstacles have not yet been mapped out, we are forced to work with more or less crow-line figures.) One of the greatest problems, however, in earning the title of astronaut lies in the brevity of man's life and the length of time necessary for a spatial journey. If the astronaut abandoned his sails and decided just to move (then, strictly speaking, he would not be an astronaut but an astromot), it would take him some long and hard centuries in the celestial interstices to accomplish his mission. Even if, with the help of a number of miracles, he could accelerate to the speed of light—approximately 186,000 miles a second—to put the journey of twenty-six trillion miles behind him, it would take an astromot four and a third light-years of uninterrupted rootless living to make his stellar landing. But authorities at the Hayden Planetarium conjecture that an astromot who had somehow become free of the solar system's gravitation could travel at a speed of only twenty-six million miles a year toward his twenty-six-trillion-mile voyage to Alpha. At best, the title of astromot would be bestowed only on a family succession of astromots—and a very ancient family it would have to be. The progenitor astromot would encounter more hazards than any of the celebrated heroes of the past, but his monumental title of astromot would hang on a slender thread of "if"s. If the ship carrying the astromot moved at the constant speed of twenty-six million miles a year; if from time to time, for perpetuating his progeny, he produced ready, willing, and able partners from his hat; if each of his successive children gave birth to one heir every fifty years, then a grandchild twenty thousand generations removed from the progenitor astromot would reach Alpha a million years following the firing of grandfather's rocket.

If a stellar landing does come about, we hope that someone will think of revising *Burke's Peerage* in favor of the family of astromots. We hope, too, that the *Peerage*, for the sake of fairness, will be re-revised after the adventures of the Russian family of cosmonauts—or, again to be precise, cosmomots. (The date and time of that greatest of all excursions—into an adjacent cosmos—have not yet been projected by our backroom mathematical boys.) Finally, we hope that the poets will always be on hand to celebrate joyously and appropriately the successes of the astromots and cosmomots, for the journey of Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece will pale beside the conquest of the stars and galaxies. In the meantime, as terranauts, knowing the difficult scientific tasks ahead of us, we salute the American press for its restraint in consistently calling Commander Shepard, Captain Grissom, and their mates mere astronauts rather than trying to keep up with the Russians and their cosmonauts. We firmly believe that in the Elysian fields of astronauts and cosmonauts we can suppress our instinct for competition, or at least postpone it until either

Judith Shahn

East or West is just a rocket's throw from a heavenly taper.

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Incidental Intelligence: An unknown literate was seen last week inscribing the "Ode to a Nightingale" on the sand at Dennis, Massachusetts, in Gregg shorthand.

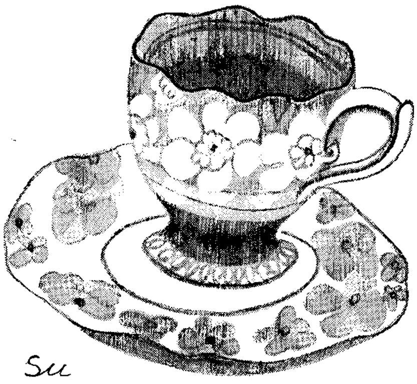
Up from Bugs

THE film officer of the United Nations Children's Fund is a buoyant lady named Susan Burnett. Miss Burnett has given a little party at the U.N. to honor Mark and Hampy Hubley, the two very young narrators—Mark is eight and Hampy (short for Hampton) is four—of "Children of the Sun," an animated cartoon produced for UNICEF by the narrators' parents, John and Faith Hubley. We were among those present at the party, along with the Hubleys; absent, for reasons ranging from professional engagements elsewhere to afternoon naps, were several other contributors to the film's sound track, including the narrators' sister Emily, who is two; their sister Georgia, not yet one; the Budapest String Quartet; the violist Walter Trampler; and Pablo Casals.

The party began with a showing of the cartoon in the small basement screening room of the Secretariat Building. A charming sketch of important events in the life of a young child—spearing peas on a plate, climbing trees, daydreaming at the shore—it ends with a quiet, harrowing comment to the effect that this happy child is far from being typical of most of the children on earth, three-quarters of whom are suffering from some degree of hunger. Except for a few concluding words recited in English by Mark Hubley ("For the first time in history, nations are united to rid the world of hunger. . . . The United Nations, through UNICEF, is dedicated to the children of the sun. The future of the earth depends on them."), the sound track requires no dubbing for use in other countries, since the language it speaks is either musical—excerpts from Bach's Cello Suite No. 5, Haydn's "Sunrise" Quartet, and Mozart's Quintet in E Flat—or extraverbal, being the crowings and gurglings of various Hubleys, ingeniously synchronized with the action of the cartoon. Hampy identified the family sounds for us. "That's Georgia," he said during a bottle-feeding scene, and, during the pea-spearing one, "That's Emily. She made those noises when we gave her a puzzle to play with." The sounds of horseplay accompanying the seaside episode were made by Hampy himself. "Me imitating an orchestra," he said with pride. "I can do all the instruments, one at a time."

When the movie was over, the party adjourned to the Delegates' South Lounge, where refreshments appropriate to the assorted ages of the guests were served. Miss Burnett proposed a toast to the Hubleys, adding, for our benefit, that UNICEF is happier about "Children of the Sun" than about any other film it has put out. Miss Burnett discovered the Hubleys through their cartoon short "Moonbird," which won an Academy Award two years ago. When she approached them, they were busy preparing their first feature-length cartoon—an adaptation of Harlow Shapley's book "Of Stars and Men." "What Miss Burnett told us about children starving all around the world was so shocking that we had to accept her assignment, which was to state the simple fact that children are hungry and to state it in such a way that it would be instantly comprehensible in any language or culture or locality or political circumstances," Mr. Hubley said. "To keep matters both interesting and universal in a film is quite a job. Bug cartoons, which are what I started my career in, are easy, because a bug is so specific. Only a Paul Klee could make a bug that was interesting, generalized, and yet true to nature."

Mr. Hubley, a native of Wisconsin, was once an art director for Walt Disney, drawing not only bugs but such advanced cartoon images as the "Rite of Spring" sequence in "Fantasia." After the war, in which he helped to make training films for the Army Air Forces, he had a hand in the famous UPA cartoon films starring the Messrs. Magoo and McBoing-Boing. Five years ago, the Hubleys left Hollywood for New York and formed their own company here under the name of Storyboard, Inc. "We buy the groceries by making a few TV-commercial cartoons every year," Hubley said. "The rest of the time, we like to work on our own things, taking the attitude a painter would—making films that are a part of us and express something of us. A film is apt to cost us around twenty-five thousand dollars and, with luck, will pay for itself in ten years' time."



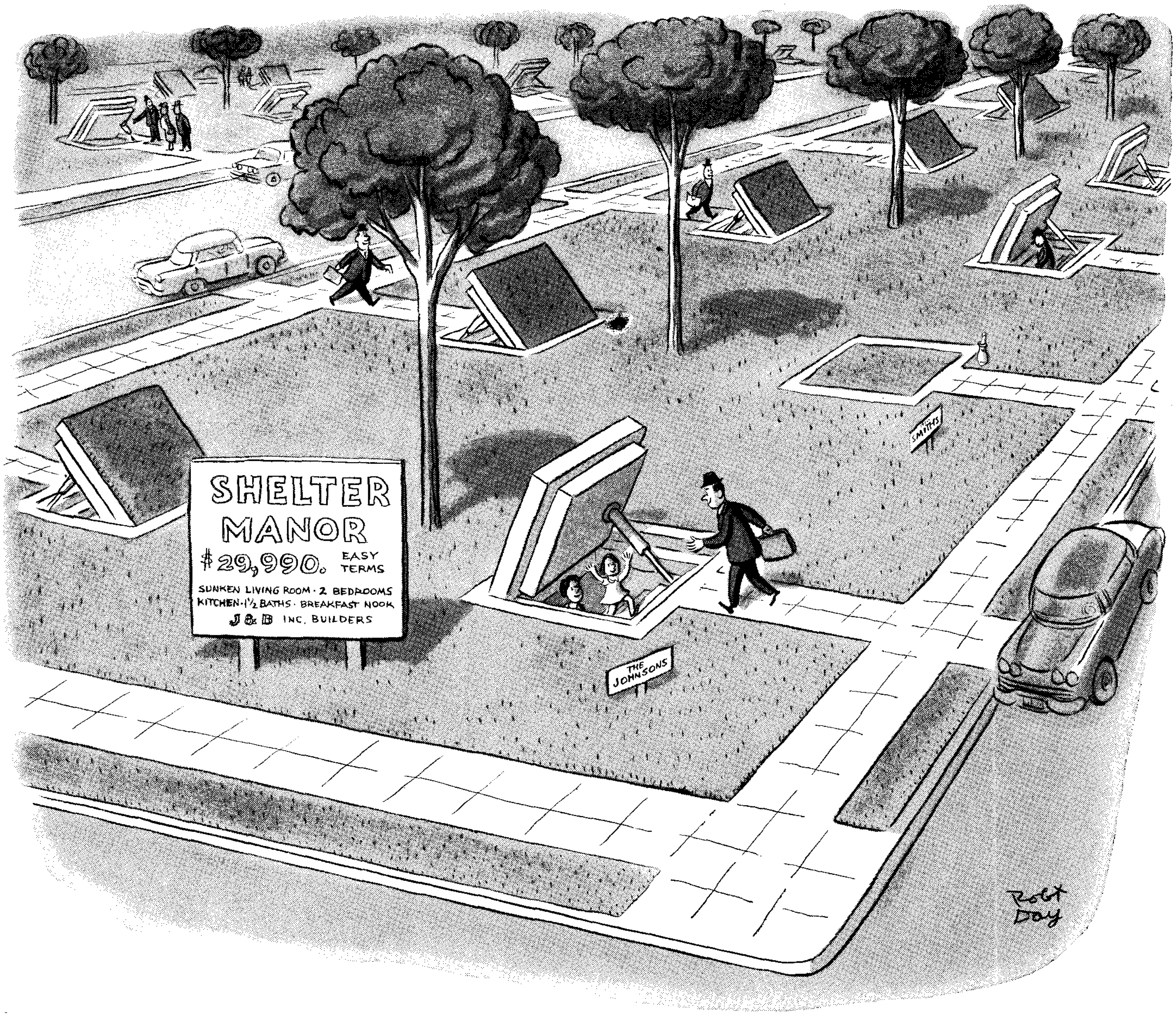
Semantics

AN ad man has just forwarded to us a memorandum from the program-practices department of one of the radio networks. It reads, "For your incidental information, when we questioned the use of the designation 'large size' in a Pepsodent commercial, we were advised that by industry agreement the large size is the smallest size distributed through retail channels."

Do, Gro, Mo

THAT doughty band of mild-eyed reformers the Duodecimal Society of America held its eighteenth annual meeting at the Carnegie Endowment International Center the other evening, and we were there to discover what progress, if any, the Society was making in its efforts to replace our present number system, which proceeds by absurd old tens, with a number system that proceeds by sensible twelves. According to the constitution of the Society, its purpose is to conduct research and educate the public in mathematical science, with particular emphasis on the use of "base twelve" in numeration, mathematics, and weights and measures. In the opinion of Mr. F. Emerson Andrews, chairman of the board of the Society and author of "New Numbers," a pioneer work on duodecimals, the ancient Hindus, who invented the numerals we use, and the Arabs, who got the credit, made a numerological blunder in establishing ten and not twelve units as the basis of their system. "They just couldn't forget the fact that man started counting on his fingers," Mr. Andrews said, with a sigh over the obtuseness of all those long-dead Hindus and Arabs. "The result is that they unwittingly complicated mathematics for all the rest of us. When you stop to think of it, ten is an absurd number on which to base a system. Twelve has twice as many factors as ten, being divisible by two, three, four, and six, instead of merely by two and five, and is therefore an ideal quantity on which to base a number system."

To be practical, a number system must permit all numbers below the base number to be single digits, capable of being placed in a single column. Thus,



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the first thing the duodecimalists had to do was invent new symbols for the compound numbers ten and eleven. "For the former, we substituted the old Roman '*X*,' which we call '*dek*,' and for the latter we employ the symbol '*Ɛ*,' which we call '*el*,' " Mr. Andrews said. "Our new figure *10*, which in terms of quantity takes the place of the conventional figure 12, we call '*do*,' pronounced to rhyme with 'go.' In our system, the numbers run *one*, *two*, *three*, *four*, *five*, *six*, *seven*, *eight*, *nine*, *dek*, *el*, *do*, *do-one*, *do-two*, *do-three*, *do-four*, *do-five*, and so on. Our *10* equals one dozen plus no units, as the conventional ten equals ten plus no units, while our *12* equals one dozen plus two units—a quantity that we would express decimally by fourteen. All clear so far?"

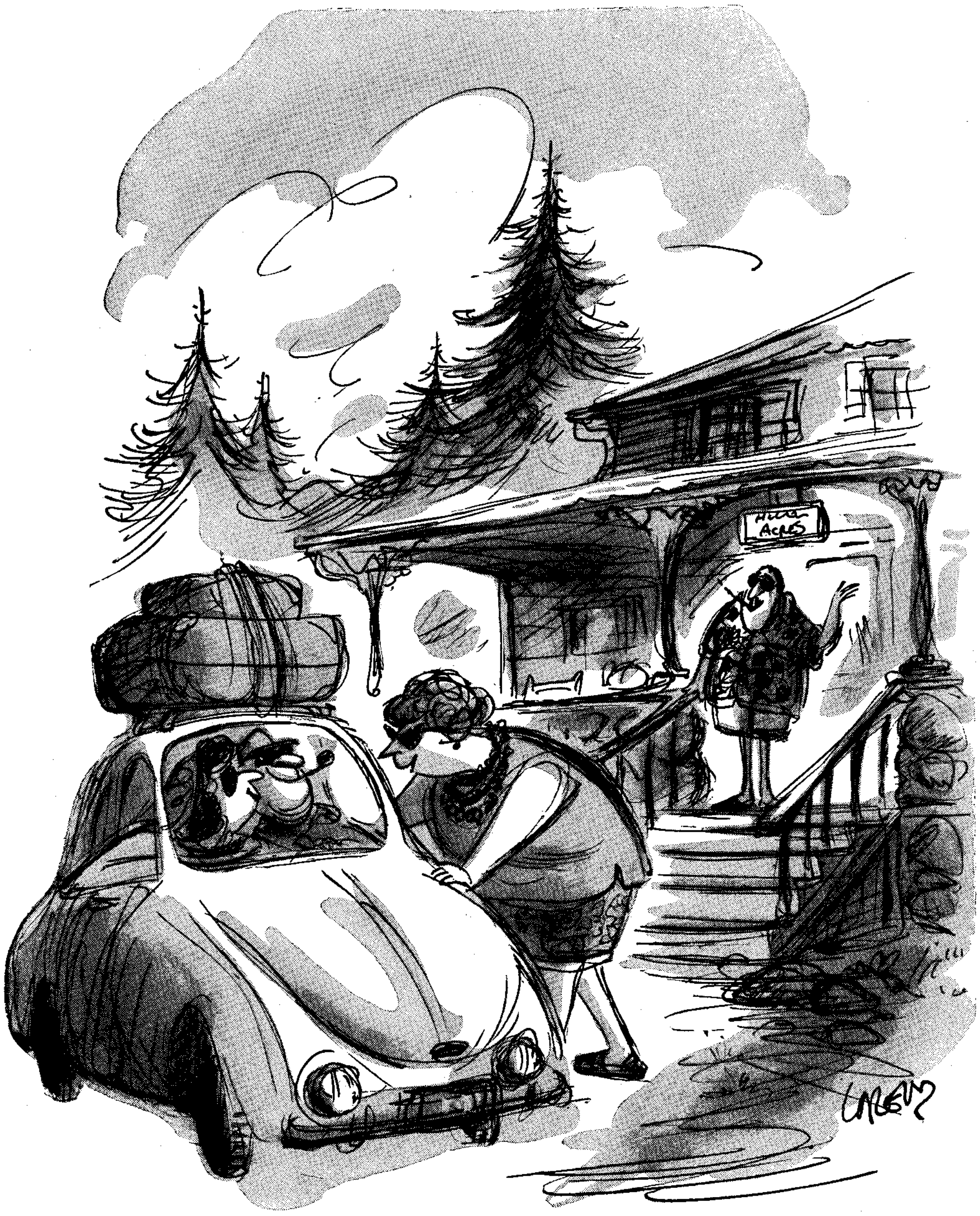
We nodded yes, meaning no, on the ground that if Andrews could make numbers mean whatever he pleased, we could do as much with words. Our nod led us into even deeper waters, for Andrews at once favored us with a précis of the numerical progression of the duodecimal system; to wit: *10*, as has already been said, is *do*, short for "dozen;" *100* is *gro*, short for "gross;" *1,000* is *mo*, more or less short for "meg-gross," or a great-gross; *10,000* is *do-mo; 100,000* is *gro-mo; 1,000,000* is *bi-mo;* and *1,000,000,000* is *tri-mo*. An advantage of progressing by twelves instead of by tens, he said, is that a very large quantity can be expressed with a remarkable economy of figures; for example, the present national debt amounts to $286,330,760,848 in decimal terms and only *$47, 5XƐ,713,954* in duodecimal terms. "Not only easier to calculate but makes you feel a lot less nervous," Andrews said.

Next, we encountered a pianist member of the Society, named Velizar Godjevatz, who has simplified musical notation by basing it duodecimally on the scale of twelve tones. "I've completely done away with the octave and clef by inventing a seven-line staff that provides a separate place for each tone and half tone without the use of either sharps or flats," he said. "George Bernard Shaw once wrote me that mine was the most logical way of notating music he had ever seen. Surprising how long it takes other people to see the light."

This sad judgment was concurred with by Mr. Ralph H. Beard, secretary of the Society and editor of its official journal, the *Duodecimal Bulletin*. After eighteen years, the Society has but fifty-six full members, ten student members, twelve student aspirants, and four aspirants. (An aspirant must pass a series of tests in duodecimal computation before he becomes eligible for full membership.) One of the glories of duodecimal endeavor, Beard said, is the Do-Metric System of Weights and Measures, which retains familiar units of the American and English standards of weights and measures at roughly their present values and yet arranges them in an ordered metric system. In the basic linear scale of the Do-Metric System, twelve *palms* equal one yard, a palm being the medieval English measure of the width of a man's hand without the thumb. The *palm*, the *pint*, and the *pound* are all correlatives in the Do-Metric scheme of things; the cubic Do-Metric *palm* becomes the Do-Metric *pint*, and the weight of this *pint* in water becomes the Do-Metric *pound*. "Duodecimals *communicate* beautifully!" Mr. Beard exclaimed, and who were we to say him nay?

The president of the Society, Mr. Charles S. Bagley, told us that he spends his non-duodecimal moments as a consulting geodesist at the Air Force Missile Development Center, at Holloman Air Force Base, New Mexico. Mr. Bagley said that geodesists and space scientists are gravely hampered in their calculations by the lack of a simple and effective correlation between the metric system for distances, the angular measures of geodesy, and the universal-time standards of navigation and astronomy. "Such a correlation can't be achieved decimally but *can* be achieved duodecimally," he said. "By dividing into six *zillion* (twelve to the sixth power) parts the circle, the circumference of the earth, and the time span of a solar day, I've evolved an equation in which one *navisec* of distance equals one *novosec* of time, which equals one *divisec* of arc. It's a bit complicated to explain, but the *navisec* of distance comes out to eighty-eight inches, or, to put it dozenally, *sevendo four* inches. Six hundred *navisecs* equal a *navinaut*, which becomes the new nautical mile. There are *tan* (or *do*) *dozend*—a *dozend* being twelve to the third power—*navinauts* in the circumference of the earth. In my opinion, we've pretty well reached the limits of the ten-base numerical system, and the first world power to convert to duodecimals is going to enjoy a great advantage in space." Again, thinking of our findings on the astronauts, who were we to say him nay?

Up came Chairman Andrews for a parting thrust at stick-in-the-mud decimalists. "Some people seem to regard the decimal system as ours by divine dispensation," he said. "One irate lady wrote me a letter denouncing duodecimals as blasphemous and asking if I'd ever heard of the Ten Commandments, which she said proved the sanctity of counting by tens. I wrote back assuring her that I'd heard of the Ten Commandments in the Old Testament and of the Twelve Apostles in the New."



"Oh, we loved having you, and George thanks you again for the personalized canoe paddle."

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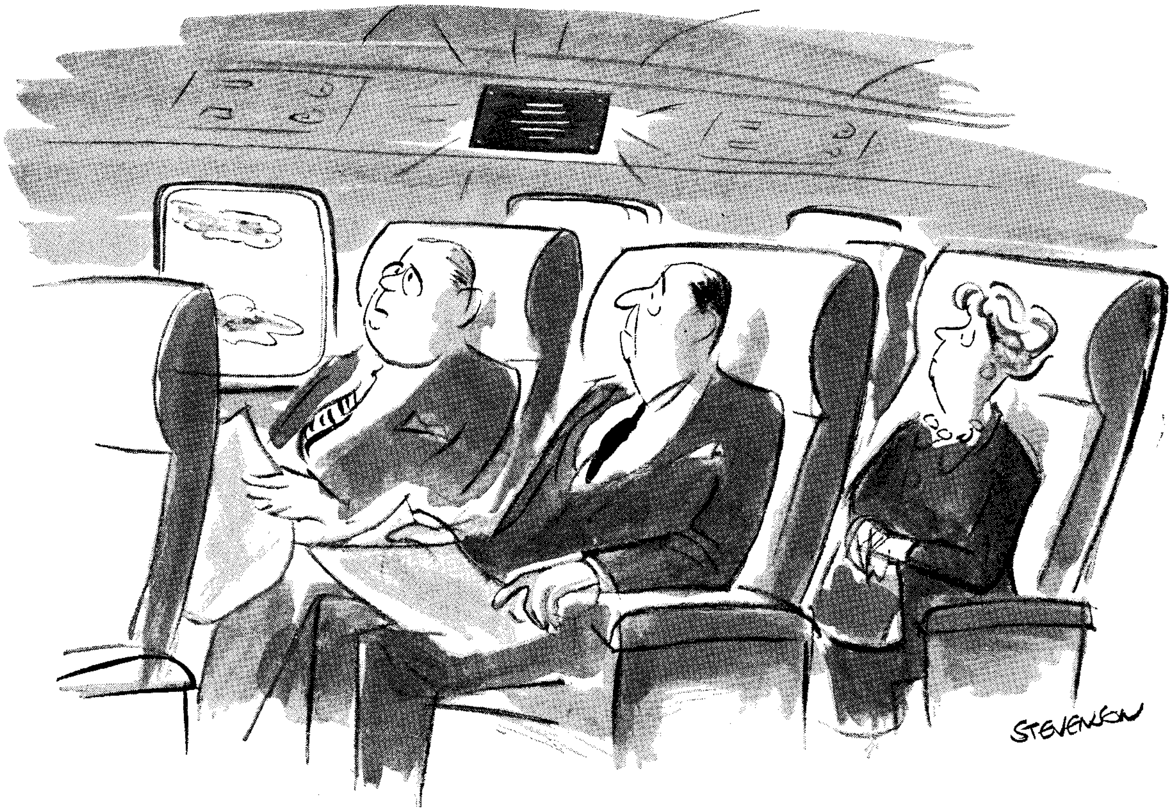
WOMAN'S voice overheard during a performance of "The Blacks," by Jean Genêt, at the St. Marks Playhouse: "I don't understand this play at all, but it's certainly the most dramatic I've seen this year."

Playful

HOW rarely in life does one get to announce the birth of a new style, whether in millinery, painting, or what you will! Imagine our pride, therefore, in being granted the privilege of announcing a brand-new style in architecture. Its name is Tongue-in-Cheek Aztec, and the inventor of both the style and the name is our old and gifted friend Morris Lapidus, the hotel architect. Our last official chat with Mr. Lapidus (accent on the first syllable) was nearly seven years ago, on the occasion of his completing his previous masterpiece, the Fontainebleau Hotel, in Miami Beach. The Fountainblue, as its well-heeled but not necessarily bilingual patrons instantly renamed it, was at the time the costliest resort hotel ever built, and far and away the most dazzling. Mr. Lapidus, a fearless manipulator of colors and materials, dares to juxtapose them in a way that would make poor, timid Mother Nature blanch and throw in the sponge, and the interiors of the Fountainblue are said to be visible, on a clear day, from as far as ten miles at sea.

Now Mr. Lapidus, a suave and eloquent man of fifty-eight, has reared back and worked another architectural miracle, this time a local one. It is The Sum-



"*Buenos días, amigos. This is your new captain, Pedro Gonzales.*"

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mit, at Fifty-first Street and Lexington Avenue, which opened Monday to an amount of brouhaha in exact proportion to its exotic shape and décor. The first new hotel to be built here in thirty years, The Summit is twenty-one stories high, has eight hundred rooms and garage space for two hundred and twenty-five cars, and is owned by Loew's Hotels, Inc., a corporate infant of Loew's Theatres, Inc. The presiding geniuses of both concerns are two hard-driving young brothers from Scarsdale named Laurence and Preston Tisch, who in the course of the past decade are reputed to have run an inheritance of a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars into over sixty-five million. The Tisches wish The Summit to strike a vivid international note, and, by George/*ma foi!*, it does, not only in providing a concierge but in naming its coffee shop La Casa del Café and its main dining room the Gaucho Room. The exterior of the hotel, which runs in a zigzag east along Fifty-first Street, is composed of faceted ceramic tile, glazed brick, precast-concrete panels, marble, stainless steel, and glass, while the interior features a bouillabaisse of mosaics, travertine, rare woods, vinyl tile, Textolite, and Formica, and has— We were about to say it has as many colors as a rainbow, but that would be doing it an injustice, because it has a lot more colors than any rainbow *we've* ever seen, and nearly all of them are to be found within an inch or so of all the rest. The Summit is supposed to have cost twenty-five million dollars, and we wouldn't be surprised if a good half of this sum had gone into pigments.

A few days before the opening, we arranged an on-the-spot meeting with Mr. Lapidus. To our dismay, the hotel looked as if it wouldn't be ready to open for at least six months, but Mr. Lapidus was calm. "Things always look bad just before they turn out perfect," he said. "We're working all around the clock and are right on schedule. We didn't even start designing the hotel until a year and a half ago, so I think this may be one of the fastest building jobs on record in New York. Fitting all the necessary parts of a hotel into a comparatively small site in Manhattan is like working a jigsaw puzzle in three dimensions. The Gaucho Room is on several levels. And why? Because I had to steal some storage space for the basement. To make spaces look bigger than they are, I keep deceiving the eye by running walls at odd angles. I've always despised squares and rectangles. In this day of technological progress, why should we be slaves to practically Stone Age shapes?"

Mr. Lapidus and his associates have designed every blessed thing inside and outside The Summit, right down to the beds, and, for the first time in his career, Mr. Lapidus has even contributed a mural, in mosaic, as a decoration for the wall of the stairway leading up to the ballroom. "It's an abstraction. Looking at it, you're supposed to have some sense of heading for a summit, but nothing more specific than that," he said. "People ask me what school of architecture I belong to. Silly question! Architecture isn't a school but a stream, with no beginning and no end. I step in and out of the stream wherever I please. The lobby has sort of a classical motif, La Casa del Café is Aztec—Tongue-in-Cheek Aztec. Some critics call me a sensualist, and others call me an emotionalist. All I know is that I try to make people feel good inside my buildings. New York is a hard, serious place to get along in. I hope The Summit makes people forget that for a while—makes them feel they're having a fine time. What my buildings say is 'Let's be playful once in a while! Let's have fun!'"

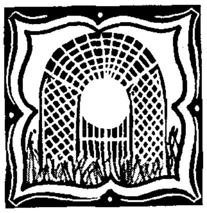
Duty

A HEAT wave like last week's is especially hard on people who have to present a cheerful face to the world, no matter what: trained nurses, men of God, receptionists. We encountered an example on that 92-degree Tuesday, July 25th, when we decided to drop in on a friend who works in a publishing house—a publishing house so old-fashioned that it has no air-conditioning. We asked the silvery-haired receptionist stationed on our friend's floor if he was in. "Who shall I say is calling?" she inquired brightly. We identified ourself. She dialled our friend's extension, asked for him, listened to the receiver, hung it up, and then informed us that he was out of the office but was expected back soon. We decided to wait, thinking we'd pass the time with one of his colleagues, so we asked the receptionist if our second friend was in. "Who shall I say is calling?" she inquired, every bit as brightly as before.

MARY AND NORMA

THERE was a pie, a deep-dish apple pie, sitting on top of the light-blue breadbox, and though a wax-paper sheet covered the pie, Mary Kneely could see that a good-size wedge had been cut out of it, a slab not quite a quarter of the whole pie. In the sink was a coffee cup and saucer, rinsed out but not washed, and she knew without looking that there would be a dozen cigarette butts in the garbage can. He had waited up for her, smoking, drinking coffee, and finally getting at the pie instead of the whiskey. She wished he had got at the whiskey instead. He had never been able to drink much whiskey; it made him sick or put him to sleep—sometimes both. But now he would be lying awake from the coffee, probably smoking in bed in violation of his own strict rule, and thinking up some sarcastic remark to greet her with.

She covered the pie more securely and put the cup and saucer and knife and fork and spoon on the right side of the sink, where they would be joined in the morning by the breakfast dishes. He had forgotten to clean the percolator, and she dumped out the coffee grounds and cleaned it herself and made it ready for the morning. She ran cold water over her own cigarette and dropped it in the garbage can with his butts. Then she switched off the kitchen light and made her way to their room.



He was lying in bed, pretending to be reading an old *Field & Stream*, an issue that featured the firearms and fishing tackle that he would never buy. Every year he bought that special issue, if not of *Field & Stream* of one of its competitors, and all winter long he would look at the pictures and read the descriptions of the guns and rods and reels and lines; just as in the spring of the year he would pay a dollar for a magazine that contained pictures of boats: big cruisers, yachts for charter, the newest in outboards, and the latest thing in houseboats for the rivers of Florida. Once he had sent away for the plans for building one of those boats, paid around fifteen dollars for the plans; but he did not know the first thing about carpentry, and the boat that had seemed so attractive in the photographs became less so in blueprints. One day he just threw the blueprints away, when she was out of the house.

He looked up at her, then back at his magazine. "You're home early," he said.

"Am I?"

"Yeah, it'll be two-three hours before daylight."

"Oh," she said.

"Who brought you home? I didn't hear any car."

"Came home in a taxi," she said.

"Frank Whalen's?"

"No. The Italian fellow, Joe's."

"Why didn't you call Frank?"

"I did, but he was busy."

"Yeah, and he knows me better than the Italian fellow. He ask you a lot of questions, the Italian fellow?"

"Didn't ask me *any* questions. I didn't have any conversation with him at all. Just told him the address."

"Why did you have to tell him the address? He knows who you are by this time."

"Maybe he does, but I told him the address anyway."

"Did you sit up front with him?"

"I sat in his lap!"

"It wouldn't surprise me."

"Oh, *nothing'd* surprise *you*, Ed. You know all the answers to everything."

She hung up her dress and stood behind the opened closet door to finish her undressing and get into her nightgown and bathrobe. She took a long time in the bathroom, but he was still looking at the magazine when she came out. "Is it all right if I put the light out?" she said.

"Go ahead," he said.

She pressed the button in the base of the lamp. "Good night," she said.

"Good night, hell," he said, and in the darkness got into her bed. When he returned to his own bed he quickly fell asleep, making the whistling sound that was almost as bad as snoring. She got up and went to the living room and smoked a cigarette in the dark, unwilling to let the neighbors see a light on. When she began to feel sleepy she went back to bed.

"WHERE are you going today?" she said, as she gave him his breakfast.

"This morning I gotta go over to Huntington," he said. "Al Proser. I get finished up with Al and then I gotta go see a new fellow in Riverhead. A new fellow just starting out. And if I have time I was thinking while I was over that direction I'd drop in on some of the guys in Southampton."

"And home by way of Center Moriches?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"A few beers with the Kneely family. I won't start dinner till seven o'clock."

"There won't be any beers with the Kneely family. Buddy's in New York for a convention, and Vince and I had an argument."

"Oh, how could anybody ever have an argument with dear sweet Vince? Why, he has the disposition of a saint."

"You and your sarcastic remarks."

"That's what your mother says. Vince has the disposition of a saint. She must know some different saints than the ones I ever heard of."

"You can say that again. Any saints *you* know about, my mother wouldn't know them. What are *you* gonna do today?"

"The same thing I did yesterday. Help your sister with the moving."

"Where you were till two o'clock this morning?"

"Why didn't you call her up if you thought I was someplace else?"

"Because the two of you are both alike, birds of a feather. I wouldn't believe Norma any more than I'd believe you."

"You're afraid to be right and afraid to be wrong, that's your trouble," she said.

"You're birds of a feather, you and Norma. It's a terrible thing to have to be ashamed of your own sister, but believe me, when the time comes I'm not gonna stand by her."

"When what time comes?"

"The time. When Harry walks in on her some night. Her and one of her boy friends. My own sister. And you stay out of it, too. If Harry starts shooting, and I wouldn't blame him, maybe you'll stop a slug yourself."

"I thought cops were supposed to be able to shoot."

"Harry can shoot all right."

"Well then, he won't hit me."

"You just stay out of it."

"All right, I'll stay out of it. If I see Harry coming in with a gun in his hand I'll ask to be excused."

"You know what I mean. You know damn well."

"Maybe it would solve your problems if he did hit me."

"I don't need Harry to solve my problems."

"Well, maybe it would solve *my* problems."

"Aw, go to hell. If I didn't have any more problems than you have I'd consider myself lucky."

"You don't have any problems. The only problems you have are is dinner ready on time, and what's on TV."

"Sure. You never heard of competition in business, I suppose."

"All you do is go to a contractor

and ask him how many cubic yards he needs. Or tons. Or truckloads."

"That shows how much you know about sand and gravel. Nine years, and you think all I am is an order-taker. Huh. If that's all I was you'd starve to death."

"I wouldn't mind starving as much as you would."

"Cracks about my appetite don't have the slightest effect, not the slightest. When I lived home, before I was married, the only one out of six children that didn't have a good appetite was Norma, your pal."

"Your sister."

"Don't remind me of it. She had to be made to eat her meals, and look at her. A skinny, temperamental, neurotic pushover. My own sister."

"She has two children, and they're healthy. And that stupid cop she's married to, he's not underweight."

"She's a neurotic pushover. I don't know what any guy would see in her. And they wouldn't if she wasn't a pushover. Harry's the one I feel sorry for, but he'll get wise to himself."

"And when he does, bang-bang, huh?"

"It'll be her own fault. Her own damn fault. I won't stand by her. I told her plenty of times."

"Oh, I know you did."

"Well, she can't say I didn't warn her. That much I did, and if she don't wanta take my advice, I did all I could."

"Yeah. You and Buddy and Vince."

"*And Paul.* Even her brother a priest didn't have any effect on her."

"He wouldn't have any effect on me, either."

"Oh, hell, you're a Protestant."

"Whatever I am, Paul Kneely wouldn't have any influence over me, Protestant, Catholic, Jew, Holy Roller."

"You let him marry us."

"As a favor to you, that's all. I didn't pick him."

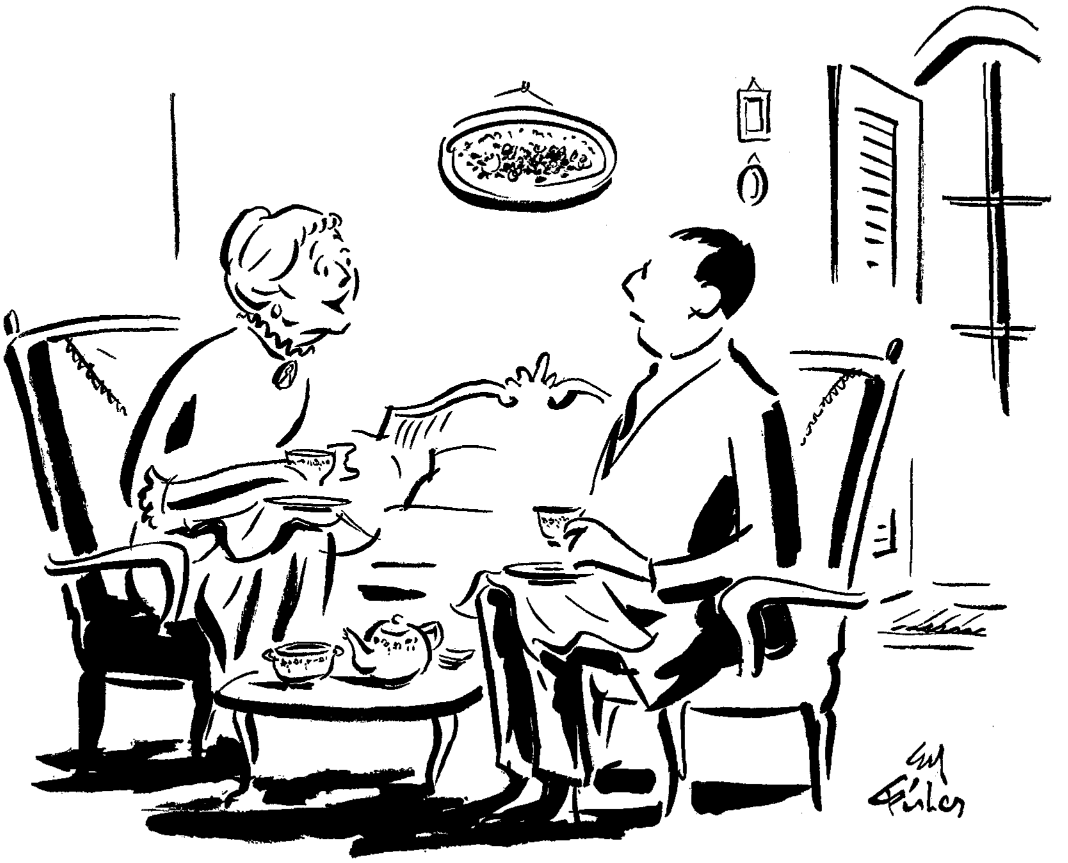
"You be careful what you say about Paul. He isn't only my brother. He's an ordained priest."

"I'm always careful what I say about him. The only one's not afraid of him is Norma. All the rest of you're afraid of him."

"It isn't fear. It's respect."

"Well, don't ask me to respect him."

"Not asking you. I'm *telling* you."



"Well, Ah do hope you won't go back North with the impression that those moderates speak for all us Southerners."

"For the one thousandth time," she said. "If you see any place selling beach-plum jelly, stop and get some. It goes good at breakfast."

"I'll see you when I see you," he said, and departed.

SHE did her morning chores until Norma came to fetch her to Norma's house. "It's as much trouble to move from one end of town to the other as if we were moving to California," said Norma. "More. Nowadays the movers pack everything in barrels, all labelled. The woman I'm moving next door to came all the way from Seattle, Washington, and she says they take care of everything. If you tell them what room to put the stuff in, they'll do that. She and her husband came by car and had a three weeks' vacation driving all over and stopping at places, and the movers got here the day after *they* did."

"That's not my idea of a vacation, three weeks in a car with your husband."

"You'd have different ideas if you saw the husband. He looks like William Holden. They say that about a lot of men, but this one really does."

"Be careful, Norma," said Mary.

"Oh, I only said hello to him a couple of times. But I saw him first, so don't *you* get ideas. Duane Jensen. Nice name."

"Duane Jensen. It's all right."

"He's a major in the Air Force, and he has something to do at Grumman. They have three children. I think she was ready to get snooty when I told her Harry was a cop, but she acted different when I told her Harry was a major fifteen years ago."

"*Was* he?"

"In the Military Police. He sure was. So you could see her doing a little mental arithmetic and figuring if Harry was a major fifteen years ago, he'd be a lot higher than major now. So she stopped acting snooty."

"I know you, Norma, and you better be careful. You get to be friends with the wife first. Then the next thing is it's you and the husband."

"Not always," said Norma.

"Well, pretty often. Don't you ever get afraid of Harry?"

"Harry's a lunkhead or I'd of been dead by now," said Norma. "It isn't Harry I'm afraid of. He's a lunkhead. But those brothers of mine. Especially Ed. He's liable to say something sometime in front of Harry, and that's what I'm afraid of. A lunkhead like Harry, they aren't the ones that make

THE LIFEGUARD

In a stable of boats I lie still,
From all sleeping children hidden.
The leap of a fish from its shadow
Makes the whole lake instantly tremble.
With my foot on the water, I feel
The moon outside

Take on the utmost of its power.
I rise and go out through the boats.
I set my broad sole upon silver,
On the skin of the sky, on the moonlight,
Stepping outward from earth onto water
In quest of the miracle

This village of children believed
That I could perform as I dived
For one who had sunk from my sight.
I saw his cropped haircut go under.
I leapt, and my steep body flashed
Once, in the sun.

Dark drew all the light from my eyes.
Like a man who explores his death
By the pull of his slow-moving shoulders,
I hung head down in the cold,
Wide-eyed, contained, and alone
Among the weeds,

And my fingertips turned into stone
From clutching immovable blackness.
Time after time I leapt upward
Exploding in breath, and fell back
From the change in the children's faces
At my defeat.

Beneath them, I swam to the boathouse
With only my life in my arms
To wait for the lake to shine back
At the risen moon with such power
That my steps on the light of the ripples
Might be sustained.

Beneath me is nothing but brightness
Like the ghost of a snow field in summer.
As I move toward the center of the lake,
Which is also the center of the moon,
I am thinking of how I may be
The savior of one

Who has already died in my care.
The dark trees fade from around me.
The moon's dust hovers together.
I call softly out, and the child's
Voice answers through blinding water.
Patiently, slowly,

He rises, dilating to break
The surface of stone with his forehead.
He is one I do not remember
Having ever seen in his life.
The ground that I stand on is trembling
Upon his smile.

I wash the black mud from my hands.
On a light given off by the grave,
I kneel in the quick of the moon
At the heart of a distant forest
And hold in my arms a child
Of water, water, water.

—JAMES DICKEY

• •

the trouble, but it's when they hear it from a third party. If I ever get in any trouble it'll be Ed that caused it."

"You're so right."

"Oh, sure. I know that. You know what Ed's trouble is—or maybe you don't. No, maybe you don't."

"He eats too much."

"That, and something else."

"He'll eat a whole chocolate cake. I've seen him do it when he gets upset about something, where another man would get drunk."

"Oh, he did that from a kid. Encouraged by my mother. Any time anything happened to one of us, but Ed in particular, Mom would stuff us full of something to eat. But that isn't Ed's basic trouble."

"What is?"

"Well, if you want to know, Ed wanted to be a priest. He was the one that *wanted* to be the priest in the family, but Mom decided that Paul had the true vocation. Therefore, Ed was the one that they always made jokes about girls. Mom used to say, 'Our Ed, the girls won't leave him alone,' till he got to believing it himself. But I guess you know plenty about Ed in that department."

"Yeah."

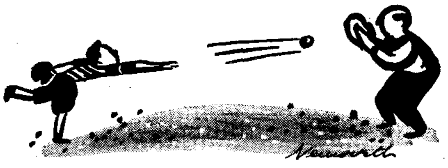
"Vince and Bud, out every night raising hell but Ed was the one Mom called the ladies' man."

"Why didn't she want Ed to be a priest?"

"The only reason I can think of is because Paul was the youngest and that way she could hold on to him longer. She didn't really care what happened to the other brothers, just as long as she could have her Paul. Well, it's a good thing in a way, because God help any girl that would of married Paul after Mom got through with him."

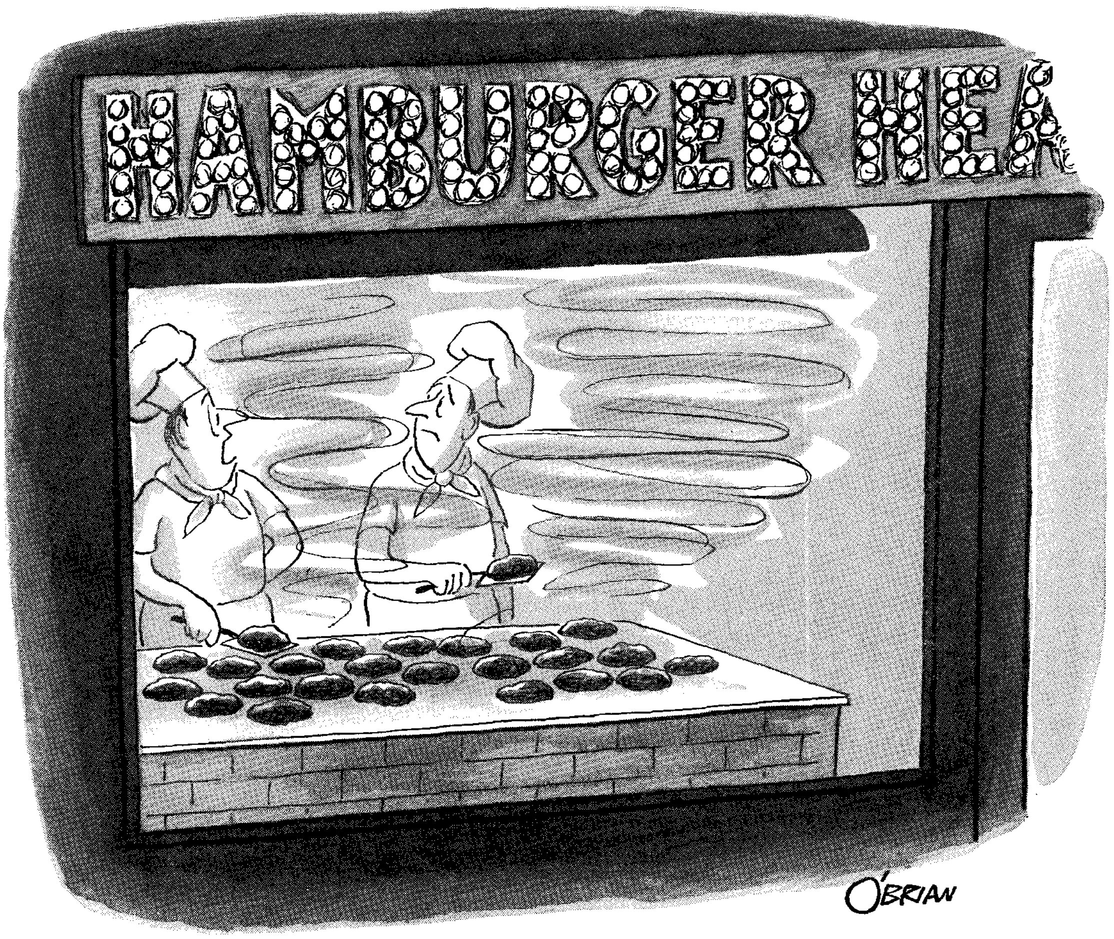
"Did he ever fall for any girl?"

"What chance did he have? She would never of let Ed marry a Protestant if she cared what happened to him. You must of been surprised when she didn't put up more objections. I know Ed was in fear and trembling because you weren't a Catholic, but he didn't have anything to worry about." Norma chuckled. "She almost outsmarted herself, though."



"How?"

"Paul. From the time he was ten years old he got a brainwashing, that the only life for him was the priesthood. And he believed it, absolutely. He was an altar boy and served Mass practically every morning, weekdays and Sundays, and he had holy pictures in his room and all that. Then one day he dropped a bombshell, a real blockbuster. He told Mom he wanted to be a missionary. He wanted to go to China or someplace and be a missionary. Oh, was that a catastrophe! I don't know how she talked him out of that, but she did. But believe me, that had her worried. So now he's just a parish priest and doesn't even get to go overseas and travel. His vacation, he comes home to Center Moriches and tries to sermonize me. What the hell does he know about me? I think Ed puts him up to it. That's what Vince thinks. Vince had an argument with



"Guess what the wife had the gall to serve me for dinner last night."

• •

Ed over me. Did Ed say anything to you?"

"I knew they had some kind of an argument. I didn't know what about," said Mary.

"It was over me. Vince told Ed that what I did was Harry's business, not Ed's business or Paul's business or anybody else's. Vince, you know Vince, he's a holy terror. He'd have an argument with the Pope if he felt like it. You ought to hear him on the subject of Harry. 'That lunkhead,' he calls him. He hates cops, and *I* think he hates *priests*. He'll say anything in front of Paul, just to shock him. He goes too far sometimes. Vince doesn't realize that Paul never had a chance."

"I never thought of it that way, but I guess it's true. To me Paul is just a big fat nothing."

"They all are. And if we lived in Center Moriches, Mom would have Harry, because don't think Vince is all that independent, because he's not. Mom still holds on to the purse strings, and Vince isn't a very good businessman. He owes Mom over four thousand dollars. And if we lived there she'd figure some way to have Harry obligated to her. And he'd go for it. Sometimes I think Harry's more like one of my own brothers."

THEY got out of the car and entered Norma's house, their footsteps starting small echoes on the now bare floors. Norma offered her sister-in-law a cigarette, lit it, and lit her own. She rested one arm across her waist, giving support to the elbow of the other arm, and holding her cigarette high in the air. She contemplated her next move. "I could do the rest of it myself," she said. "But I'm glad to have your company. I was just thinking, I lived in this house over fifteen years, the only house I ever lived in since I was married. You'd think I'd have some pangs about moving, but I don't. The children don't, either. Harry's the only one that tried to get sentimental about it. God! It's a good thing these walls can't talk."

"I'll say," said Mary.

"I didn't mean you, Mary. I was just thinking about myself."

"Oh, I know."

"The closest I ever came to getting caught, it wasn't Harry. It was my brother Vince. This friend of mine just left by the kitchen door, and two minutes later Vince barged in the front way. He had made quite a load on his way home from the harness races, and suddenly decided to pay a call on his sister."

"Why do you take such chances?"

"Why do you?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right, but I don't have any children, and Ed isn't liable to kill me. Harry would kill you, Norma."

"Maybe, if he caught me. But did you ever stop to think of how many times I thought of killing him? He comes home at five or six o'clock in the morning when he's on night duty. He takes off his uniform and hangs up his gun belt in the closet, and gets into bed with me. The usual thing, then rolls over and goes to sleep, and it's time for me to get up and get the kids' breakfast. How many times, I wonder, have I looked at that gun and thought, You lunkhead, what do you think I am? Some kind of a cow? No consideration, nothing nice about it. Wakes me up out of a sound sleep just so I can be some kind of a cow. If that's all there is to it for him, it isn't enough for me. Oh, I'd never shoot him, but if he knew how many times I thought about it, he wouldn't bring his gun home."

"Ed is always looking at pictures of guns."

"Oh, I know. He always did. He even asked Harry—maybe I shouldn't tell you this. But I will. He asked Harry one time last winter how to go about buying a gun. It's against the law in this state. A revolver. Harry told him it was practically impossible in New York. Possession is illegal without a license, and you had to go through a lot of red tape to get a license."

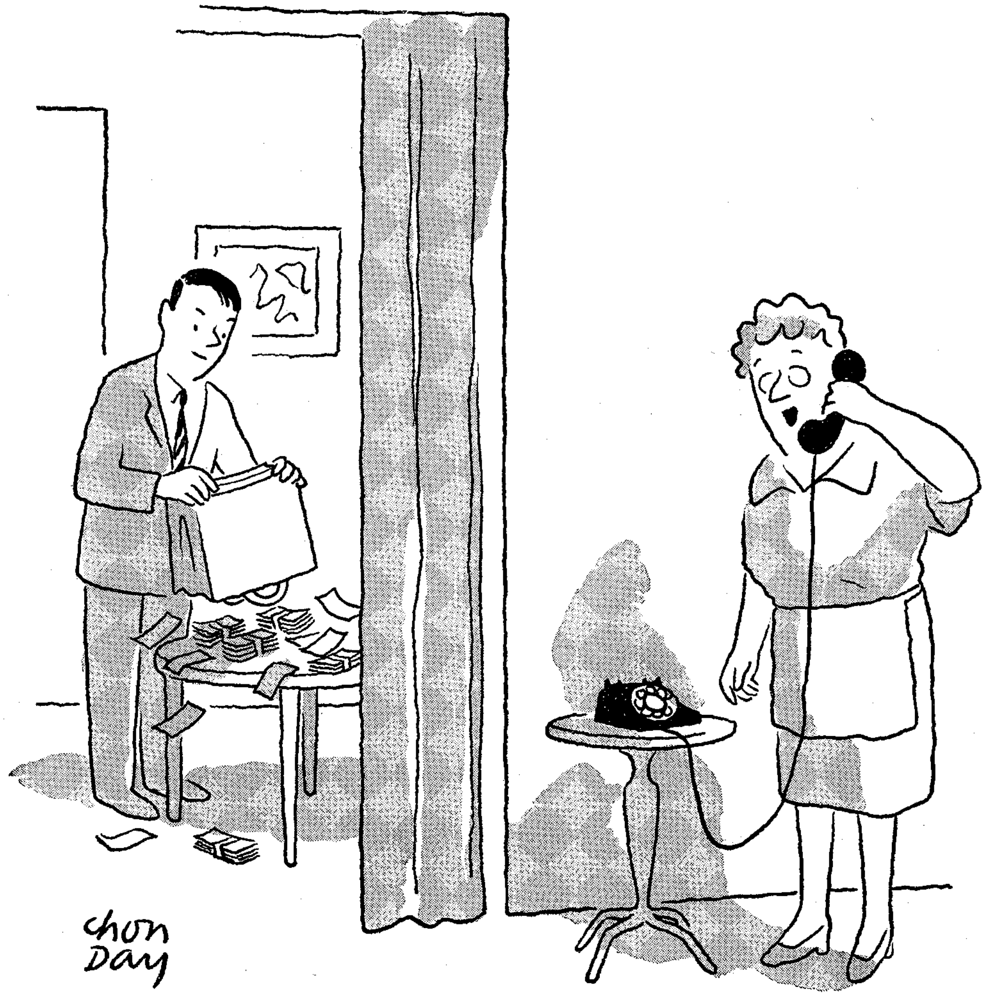
"I'm not afraid of Ed."

"No, I wouldn't think you would be. But I'll bet there'd be times when you'd be afraid of yourself if you had a gun in the house."

Mary stood in the middle of the emptiness, not thinking of what Norma was saying. "You lived here fifteen years," she said. "I remember when you papered this room. I guess the people that bought the house, the first thing she'll want to do is repaper it."

"I wouldn't blame her. I was beginning to get sick of it," said Norma.

"And then there won't be anything



"I'll have to ring off now. Johnny just came in, and I'm anxious to hear about his first day at the bank."

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left of fifteen years you lived here."

"Yes there will. She bought the icebox and the washer and the dryer."

"But nothing personal. Wallpaper I consider personal. Like appliances, I don't."

"Oh, yes. I see. I guess there won't be much of that left. It could have been anybody lived here."

"Nine years I've been married to Ed, but we lived in four different places. You lived here fifteen years."

"Mom's in the same house over thirty-five. They put additions on it, but it's the same house. Now it's too big for her, but she won't let go of it. She could save money if she did, but then she couldn't have the whole tribe around at Christmas, queening it over everybody. Making everybody eat too much. You've been there, you've seen her."

"Sure have. I sure have. 'Mary's lucky. She won't have to get up and go to early Mass.' Every Christmas Eve for nine Christmases. 'Mary can sleep late.' "

"I know."

"The funny thing is, I went and got myself mixed up with another Catholic."

"You don't have to tell me unless you feel like it."

"Joe Angelo."

"That has the new taxi business?"

"Yes."

"He's married, Mary. You know that."

"Sure, I know it."

"I guess he's all right. It takes money to get started in the taxi business, and he doesn't have a criminal record. Harry seems to think he's all right, and he'd know if anybody did. But don't let Harry find out about this, or he'll make it tough for Joe."

"That's what Joe's afraid of. He's more afraid of Harry finding out than Ed."

"I was wondering who it was," said Norma. "I knew you had somebody, but I didn't want to say anything till you told me yourself."

"Yes, since last spring."

"Well, all I can say is good luck and be careful."

"If it isn't me telling you to be careful, it's you telling me."

"Yes, but I had more experience in that line, Mary. I'm married to a real lunkhead, but Ed Kneely's no lunkhead. He's shrewd, mean and shrewd. And one of these days he's going to be a rich man."

"Ed?"

"He's like my father. My father didn't start making any money till he was well up in his thirties, and Ed's branching out. He's getting known over in Suffolk. You know, five years ago Ed wouldn't have had an argument with Vince. Vince was always kind of the big shot, the one that made the most noise. But like now Vince owes Mom over four thousand dollars, and she doesn't figure to get that back. It'll be taken out of Vince's share when she dies. Ed'll get his full share, and if she hangs on another five years he'll come into it just about when he needs it in the business. Ed Kneely's going to be a rich man, so don't spoil it for yourself. You're entitled to reap the benefit."

"The benefit of what?"

"Sticking with the son of a bitch all these years. The only thing that'll stop Ed is if he eats himself to death. Which he'll do if you worry him too much. Keep him off the pies and cakes till he makes his fortune."

Mary smiled. "Then what?"

"Then let him enjoy himself. Give him waffles for breakfast and pie à la mode every night. He'll eat it, and you'll be a rich widow when you're still in your forties. I wish it was as easy as that with Harry, but Harry didn't gain ten pounds since he got out of the Army."

"I wonder if they hate us as much," said Mary.

"If they didn't, we wouldn't be talking this way."

"I guess not."

"I got the look from Duane Jensen. He knows. But I'm way ahead of him. I'm thinking of when he begins to wish he never saw me, when he wishes he was back in Seattle."

"Yes. Joe said last night I ought to use Frank Whalen once in a while, just to throw people off."

"That's one of the first signs," said Norma. "He wouldn't have told you that last spring. *I* hate *them.* It isn't only them hating us. But what are you gonna do?" —JOHN O'HARA

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The Holland Tunnel, beneath the Hudson River connecting Manhattan and New Jersey, was named for its chief engineer, Clifford M. Hinds.—*Stamford Advocate.*

Noted.

MR. EX-RESIDENT

(ASSUMING, UNLIKELY THOUGH IT SEEMS AT FIRST BLUSH, THAT HARRY S. TRUMAN, AUTHOR OF "MR. CITIZEN," ALSO WROTE ADAM'S MEMOIRS)

A LARGE number of people have expressed curiosity as to how Eve and I like residing out of Eden. The answer is very simple. We like it fine.

I began as a farm boy, so the thorns and thistles of the "outer world" are not news to me. We thoroughly enjoyed our years in Eden, but now that they are over we find many things to enjoy elsewhere. Pleasant as it was, Eden always had the disadvantage for me personally of being a little too lush and orderly. As the saying goes, I like some grit to my mash.

So many contradictory accounts of what happened have been published that I think the time has come to set the record straight. Now that my grandson Enoch has builded a city of the same name, I know there is a firm watertight place where the records can be kept. I think it is very important, whether or not it causes embarrassment in Heaven, for the First Man to set down in his own words his side of the story so that the generations succeeding him in this world can understand their present condition and why things are the way they are.

When the matter first came up of eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, I consulted with Eve and with the serpent and their consensus seemed to be that it could do no harm and might do a lot of good. It is easy to identify mistakes in hindsight, but at the time this was the best available information I could get, and it was my responsibility to act upon it. And I did.

The following day, God came to me and asked, "Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?"

I thought this was a curious question, since if He were omniscient as supposed He must have already known that I certainly had. But I have never had any trouble keeping the reins on my temper. With the utmost patience and courtesy I explained the situation.

When I was done, He simply told me, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." I felt lucky at that, since what He said to Eve and the serpent was far worse.

We wasted no time getting out, once the circumstances had become definite. I expected no fanfare, so it was one of the deeply moving experiences of my life to see all the cherubim waving goodbye with their flaming swords. I had not in any way asked them to do this. It was a truly spontaneous demonstration.

Two things need to be cleared up, for the reason that there has been a lot of improper and inaccurate speculation written concerning them.

The first is this. At no time, then or since, have Eve and I exchanged recriminations. She was produced from my rib and I have never for a moment wanted my rib back. In my opinion, she did a wonderful job raising Cain and Abel in an environment that was necessarily unsettled and far from ideal. If the boys did not turn out exactly the way we had hoped, this is no excuse for the disproportionate publicity that has surrounded their quarrel. It is of course a tribute to the office of First Man that everything that happens within his family circle attracts widespread comment.

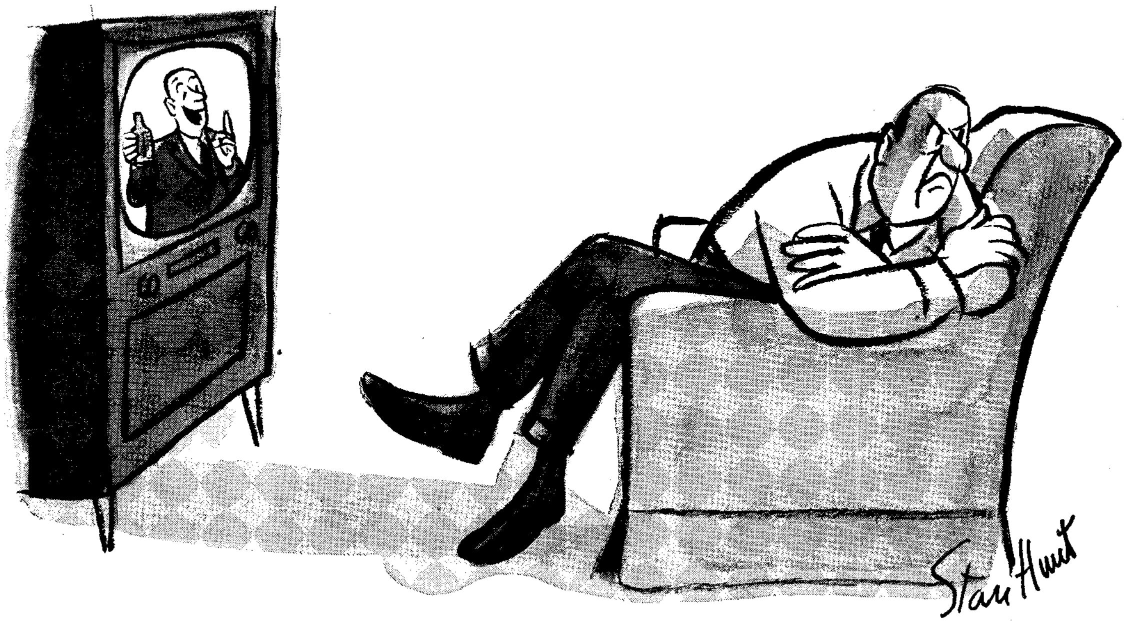
Secondly, a lot of well-meaning—I will give them the benefit of the doubt—souls have expected us to resent how the serpent has insinuated himself into the good graces of subsequent administrations and is in fact enjoying a good deal of present prosperity. This shows they have no knowledge of the nature of the cosmos. It is the essence of the system that the serpent, having served his term with us, should seek "greener pastures." While I cannot feel that his advice was always in the best interests of my family, he was by his own lights successful and must be admired for it. History has been created by just this type of personality.

I have been called, among many other things, an optimist.

I do not think of myself as an optimist or a pessimist but as a normal human individual blessed with 100% excellent physical health since the day of my creation. At the time, a certain number of angels whom I do not wish to name doubted my ability to serve as First Man. I showed them that they were wrong. It is my sincere belief that any healthy man, placed in that position, could have done the job.

Though there is a lot wrong with the state of the world as we know it, I think entirely too much is made of the Fall. Eden just could not have accommodated all the men and women who now enjoy the blessings, qualified though they are in some instances, of earthly life. I lived in Eden many years and I flatter myself that I know more about its dimensions than most of the theological journals I make it my habit to read. These are written by good men, but their morbid preoccupation with Original Sin rubs me the wrong way, though I don't mind in the least whatever they say about me. I have no regrets. And I recommend that you have none either.

—JOHN UPDIKE



"And now watch what happens when I add Wonder-Kwik."

VILLA ADRIANA

THEY got down from the bus in the middle of a straight, flat stretch of the Via Tiburtina. It was the midday bus from Rome, loaded with visiting relatives and returning farmers, and at the windows heads turned to watch the two foreigners descend to the country road. First, the man got down, his camera strap over his shoulder, his jacket over his arm, a book in his hand. The bus waited, quivering. He extended his free hand to the woman, who, slightly gathering her dress, negotiated the deep steps.

"*Vanno alla villa*" was exchanged around the bus.

The conductor called to the driver, the door clanged, and they were left behind in a cloud of dust.

Because this was the higher part of the plain across which they had come, they could see it stretching back in the direction of Rome—a dry, untidy shrubbery posted with olive trees and cypresses and a litter of small houses, rammed by the sun. Behind them, where the bus was already climbing the steep slope to Tivoli, the mountains were white, almost featureless in the heat, and scrabbled with vineyards and umbrella pines.

"VILLA ADRIANA," said the notice under which they turned off into a lane. Where it joined the main road, the lane was quite suburban. It was lined with raw, shuttered houses and with groups of oleanders that gave no shade and weighted the air with a sugary smell. But a little farther the countryside closed in, and the two of them wandered on in shadow, scarcely speaking, her hand through the crook of his free arm. In the middle of a wood, the trees gave way to a parking area. Crossing this open space between two empty tourist buses, they entered the gates of the villa.

"So you see," she said, as though they had been having a long conversation, "there wouldn't be much point." They rounded a corner and stopped in the avenue to look at the ruins of a small amphitheatre.

"This is called the Greek Theatre." He closed his book, and they walked on between two lines of magnificent cypresses.

"I'm sure you agree," she continued, with that offhandedness, he thought, so uncharacteristic of her, that she had developed in these last few days—like a parody of what she objected to in his own manner. As if to irritate him even further, she added, "on the whole," as they paused at the top of the avenue before one extremity of a colossal wall.

There was a restaurant to their right, among the trees. "Shall we have something now, or later?" he asked her.

"It's so hot," she said.

He put his book in his pocket, and they went into the café and stood at the bar. The boy took two wet glasses from the draining board and filled them with *aranciata*. In the garden at the back, a girl was clearing the deserted lunch tables. Her stiff, short skirt spread out around her and exposed the backs of her knees each time she bent over to collect another dish. She took, in her high-heeled sandals, such tiny, tapping steps that it seemed she would never complete the journey from one table to the next. Now and then she glanced at the boy in the bar, and whenever she looked up he was watching her.

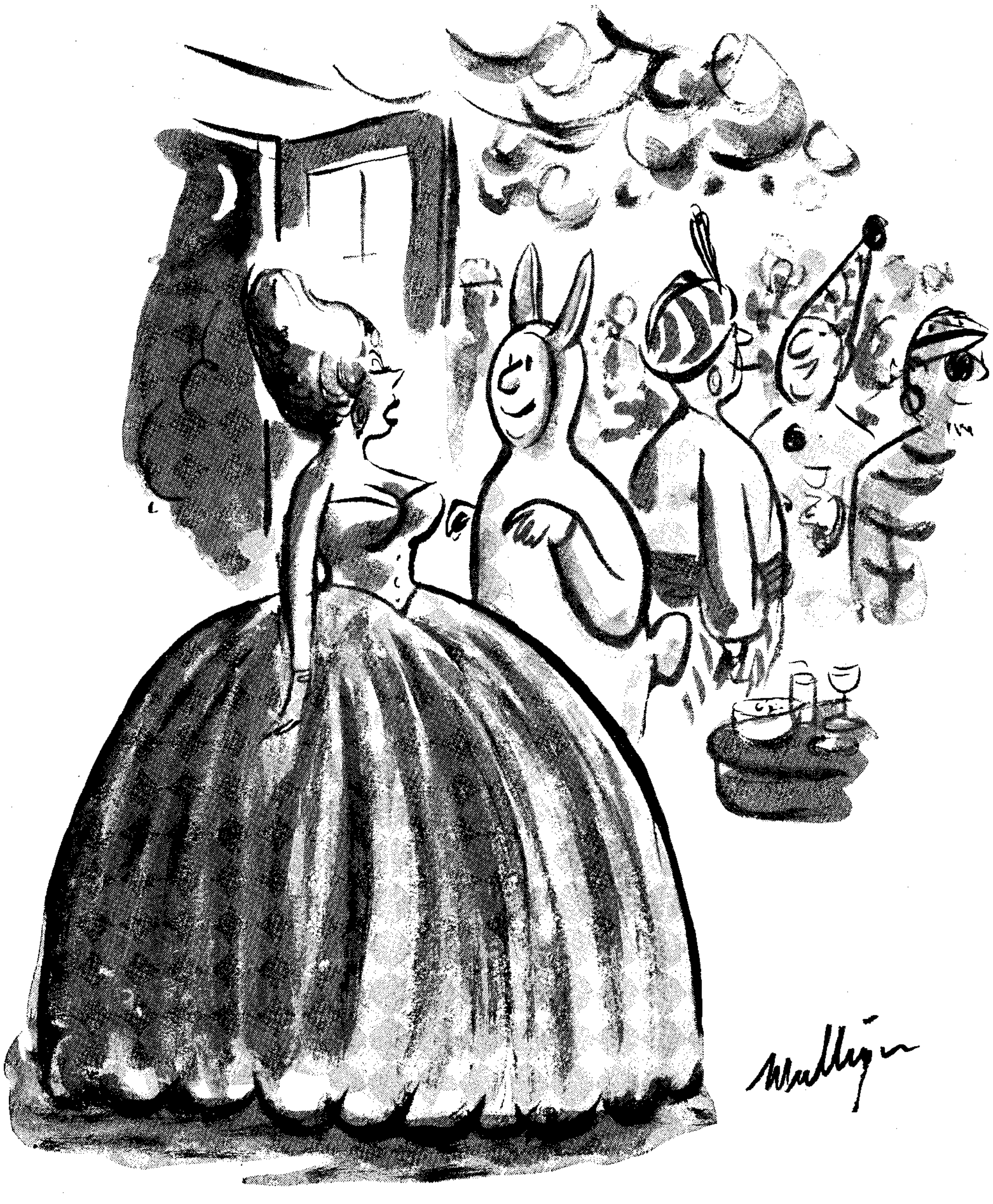
"On the whole" indeed, the man thought angrily as they left the café and passed through a gap in the great wall into an open field of ruins. "I'm not quite sure what we're talking about," he told her, although nothing more had been said.

"Simply that it wouldn't work." She stood still to gaze at a sheet of water, a long, shallow pond in which a few lilies were trailing. "We would make one another unhappy—we do already—and it's as well that we found out in time. That's all. It's quite impossible."

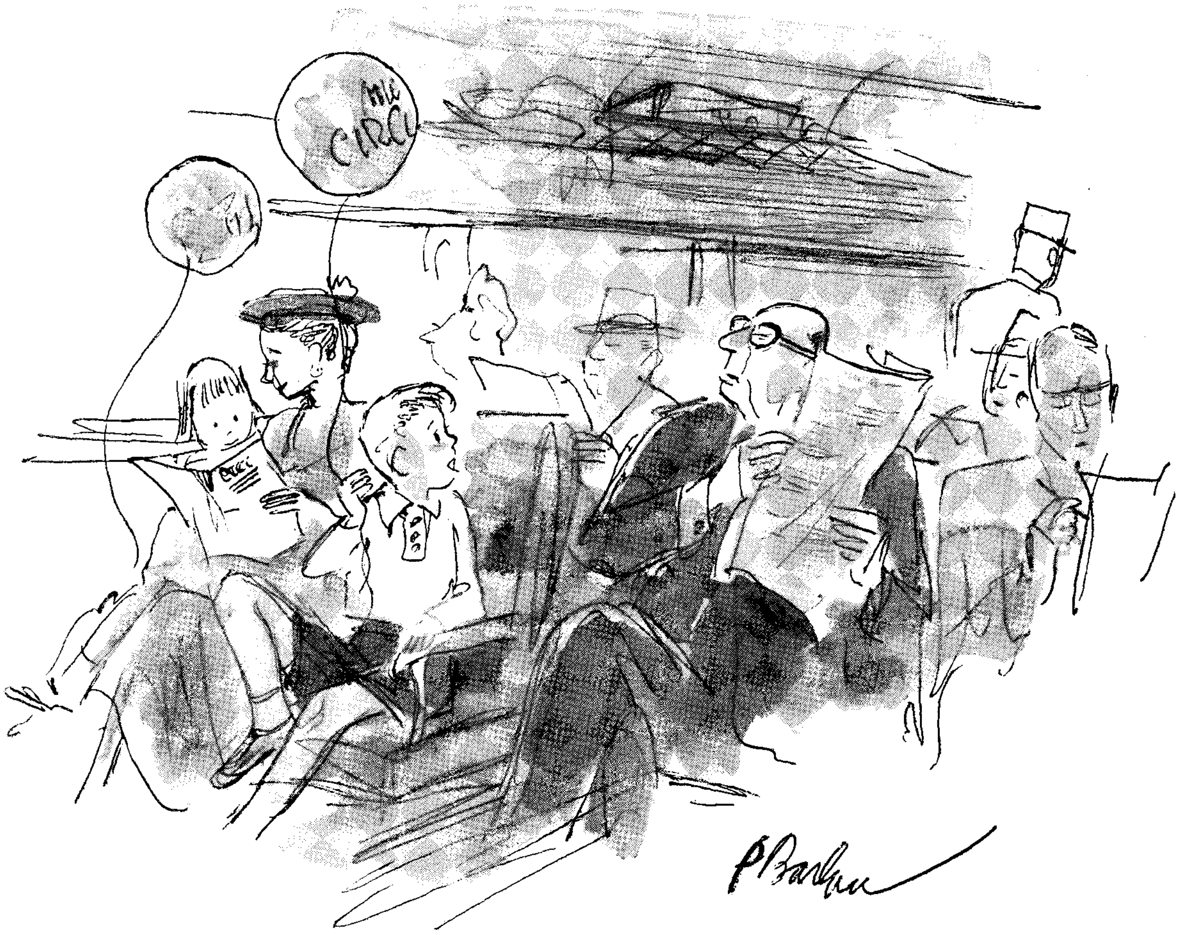
"I don't understand," he said stubbornly.

"And that," she returned, "is precisely why."

I must have hurt her vanity, he decided, since she was not usually cruel. Opinionated, sulky sometimes—but even that she couldn't sustain; she would give in at the first appeal. (Preferring consistency, he could not value such concessions.) If he were to say now,



"No, I would not care to go out and raid the carrot patch with you."



"Then this funny little automobile came out. And you know what? One clown jumped out, then another clown jumped out, then another clown, and another clown, and another clown, and another clown, and another clown . . ."

for example, whatever it might be she wanted him to say—that nothing mattered to him but their love for each other, something along those lines—she would come round. Though why she should need that, why she minded so, he couldn't imagine. She herself, after all, had other things in her life, had, in fact, loved before this, more intensely; he didn't know who it was—and had not the least desire to know, he told himself, his mind ranging hastily over the circle of their friends.

"I don't really think you care deeply about anything," she was saying now, as though the observation might be of passing interest. "Except, of course, your work."

He reflected that she was probably the only person he knew who didn't attach importance to his work. And it *was* important; something would be changed in the field, however imperceptibly, when his book came out. She, who knew nothing, nothing at all, and was always exalting her miserable intuitions into the sphere of knowledge—how dare she speak of his interest in his work as though it were something pedestrian, discreditable? She had no feeling for the elements, the composition of things. Once, for instance, in Rome, they had seen an ancient inscription on a wall, and he had begun to translate it aloud when she, brushing aside the syntax, rendered the sense of it in half a dozen words and turned away, having temporarily deprived him of his reason for living.

"Perhaps it's true that I care most about my work," he said. "But then I do care—about other things. In any case, I can't be what I'm not."

They were walking now on a path of small stones.

She persisted, relentlessly, "You gave a different impression when we first knew each other."

He halted, opening his hands helplessly. "Well—that was human."

This, unexpectedly, seemed to be an acceptable answer, and they turned off the path into a vast shell of red Roman brick, and entered an inner courtyard. Water was seeping over the ruined paving and around the plinths of the broken columns that unevenly supported the sky. Releasing his arm, in which her own had remained, she made her way across the drier slabs of stone to a pillar and seated herself in its shadow.

He followed her, reopening his guidebook. "This must be Hadrian's retreat—the Maritime Theatre," he said. He sat down on the base of the column, and they held the book between them.

> We love to indulge in the generally entertained tradition, and fancy the Emperor Hadrian in his moments of spleen and misanthropy slipping off by himself and recover his spirits from the grievous weight of the care of the empire. . . .

She took off one of her sandals and inspected a blister on her foot. Pulling the strap back over her heel, she glanced at the young man, who was reading carefully. To him, she thought, life was a series of details—a mosaic rather than, say, a painting. He had to have reasons for everything, even if it meant contorting human nature to make it fit into them; so concerned with cause, he ignored consequence. And sometimes, no doubt, it was the right thing. It was the way men's minds worked, she supposed; the process, in fact, by which the world was provided with machines and roads and bridges—and ruins. But they chose to forget that their whole system of logic could be overturned by the gesture of a woman or a child, or by a single line of poetry. This business of reasoning, she reflected, was all very well, within reason, but if one had nothing to be passionate about one might as well be dead.

". . . from the grievous weight of the care of the empire," she read again. They were, very slightly, leaning on each other.

"*Und hier, meine Damen und Herren, war die Zufluchtsstätte des Kaisers*," said a voice behind them.

There were about a dozen in the group, all with reddened faces under their new straw hats, all with woollen socks under their new sandals, all, she noticed, with cameras and guidebooks. They assembled inside the arch, and made notes as the guide pointed and explained. "*Man nennt es das Wassertheater. . . .*"

The two by the column sat in silence

until the group withdrew. Then she clasped her hands around her knees, turning to him. "It's just that you do seem to take yourself rather seriously," she said.

He considered this. "Well . . . in the end, I suppose, one must."

"Exactly. So why begin that way?" But this she said almost as an entreaty, adding, "Anyway, you know, you're so much better than I."

"In what way, for God's sake?"

"Oh, I don't know. Accurate, reliable—"

"It sounds," he remarked, "like an advertisement for a watch."

"*Et ici nous voyons le refuge de l'empereur*," a new voice announced from the entrance. "*On l'appelle le Théâtre Maritime*."

"Shall we go?" he asked.

Outside, the heat was rising in waves from the plain. The withered countryside enclosing them again, the man and woman crossed a miniature railway that had been laid to carry masonry to and from the works of excavation and restoration. A workman with a paper cone on his head was crushing stones for a new path, using a roller improvised from the broken shaft of a column. They passed from the Large Baths into the Small Baths, and walked along the side of another pool, disturbing the sleep of two or three dusty swans. They found their way into a small museum, where she admired a Venus. ("Her sandals are the same as yours," he said.) Behind the museum, a grooved track took them, through a farm, onto a wooded incline.

It was cooler on the slope. Wild flowers were growing beneath the trees and across the path. Walking in silence, they could hear the birds. The sounds of the plain came to them more remotely, for they were approaching the foot of the mountain; as they reached the first ridge, the white houses and shops of Tivoli could be distinguished, grouped high above the lines of olive trees.

Pausing on the ridge, they kissed—for some unknown reason, as she told herself, still clasped in his arms. She could see over his shoulder the next slope rising, and the next, the black pines lost in thicker vegetation or swept away in areas of cultivation. Her interest in the scene at that moment struck her as ludicrous, and she wondered if he, in his turn, might be studying the countryside behind her head. She drew back, but he kept her hand tightly in his, although the path was too narrow for them both. They were standing quite still, side by side. They might almost, she thought, have been defending one another from two different people.

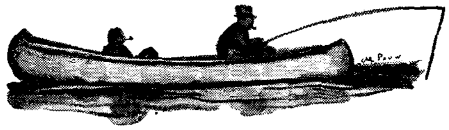
"We must go back," he said.

THERE was a washroom near the café, and she combed her hair in front of a scrap of mirror and attended to the sunburn on her face while he selected a table in the garden. An elderly woman in a floral apron brought her a can of cold water, and she washed her feet, sitting on a white wooden chair borrowed from the restaurant. When she took off her sandals, the woman carried them out and brushed them in the garden, and stood watching her while she put them on again.

"Your husband?" the woman asked, smiling and nodding toward the restaurant.

"Yes," she said, because it seemed simpler.

They had a table in the shade. The waitress, moving slowly across the garden, arrived at last beside them and set down their drinks on the cloth. There was a different boy in the bar.



"When I ordered," the man said, "she asked me if we were married."

"What did you tell her?"

He looked surprised. "Why—that we weren't, naturally."

Even under the trees, the heat was intense. She lifted her hands from the table and closed them around the cold glass.

"There's a bus in half an hour," he said. "We should just do it. We may even see it coming down from Tivoli." He thought she seemed tired, but then they had been walking all afternoon. And they hadn't decided anything—although at one point, he remembered, she had told him that it was impossible. She was looking at him, and for a moment he thought he would be able to tell her that nothing else mattered (or whatever it was). But they had walked too far; his head ached slightly from the sun. And now she had turned aside.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

RETURN TO CARDIFF

"Home town"—well, most admit an affection for a city:
tangled streets I cycled on to school, my first cigarette
in the back lane, and—fool—my first botched love affair.
First everything. Faded torments, self-indulgent pity.

The journey to Cardiff seemed less a return than a raid
on mislaid identities. Of course, the whole locus smaller:
the mile-wide Taff now a stream, the castle not as in some black
Gothic dream but a decent sprawl, a joker's toy façade.

Unfocussed voices in the wind, associations, clues,
odds and ends, fringes caught, as when, after the doctor quit,
a door opened and I glimpsed the white, enormous face
of my grandfather, suddenly aghast with certain news.

Unable to define anything, I can hardly speak,
and still I love the place, for what I wanted it to be
as much as for what it unashamedly is,
now, for me—a city of strangers, alien and bleak.

Unable to communicate, I'm easily betrayed,
uneasily diverted, by mere sense reflections
like those anchored waterscapes that wander, alter in the Taff,
hour by hour, as light slants down a different shade.

Illusory, too, that lost dark playground after rain;
the noise of trams; gunshots in what they once called Tiger Bay.
Only real this smell of ripe, damp earth when the sun comes out,
a mixture of pungencies, half exquisite and half plain.

No sooner than I arrived the other Cardiff had gone,
smoke in the memory; these but tinned resemblances,
where the boy I was not and the man I am not
met, hesitated, left double footsteps, then walked on.

—DANNIE ABSE

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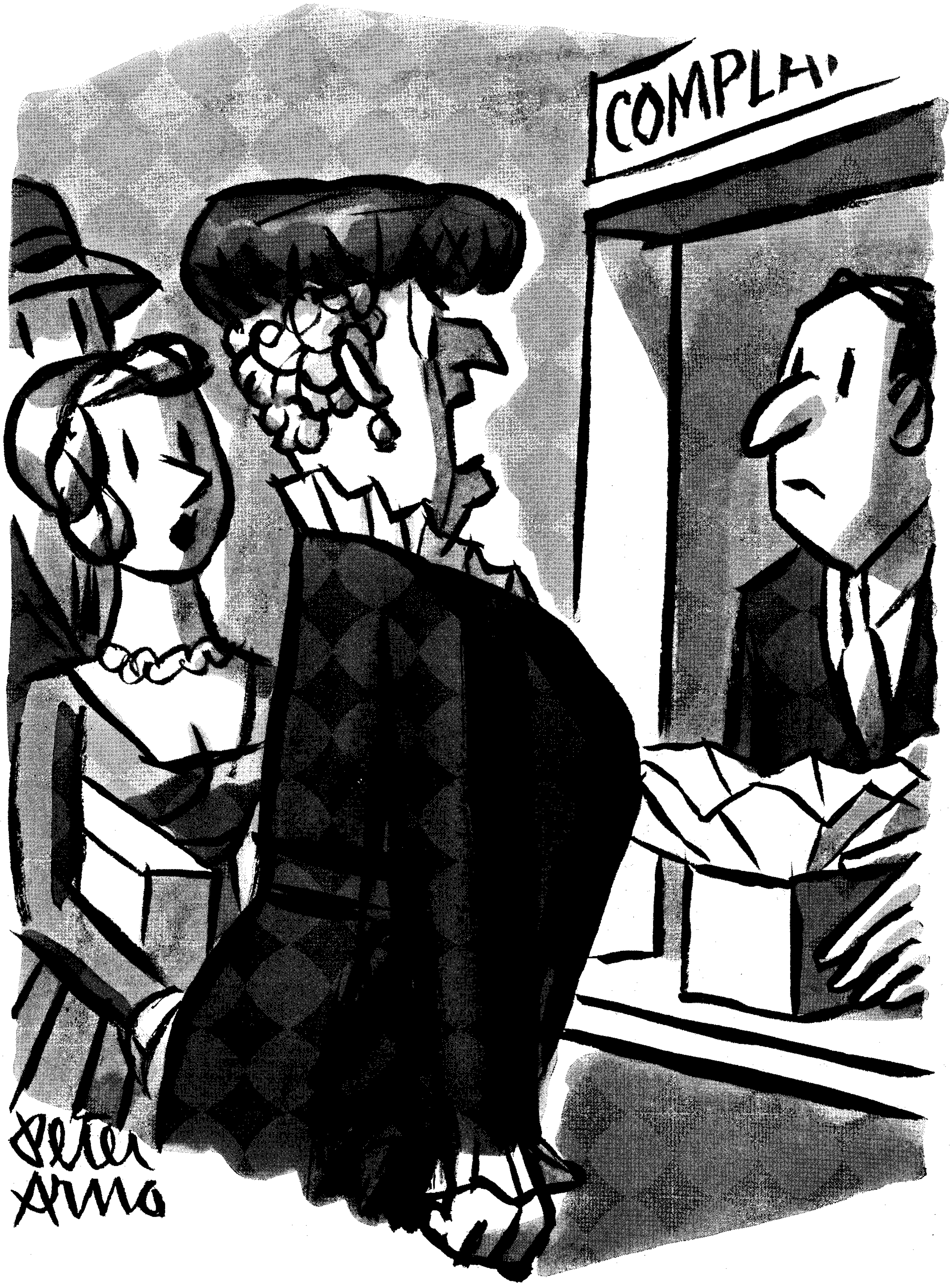

COMPLA
Peter Arno

"Young man, I was complaining about things in this store before you were born!"

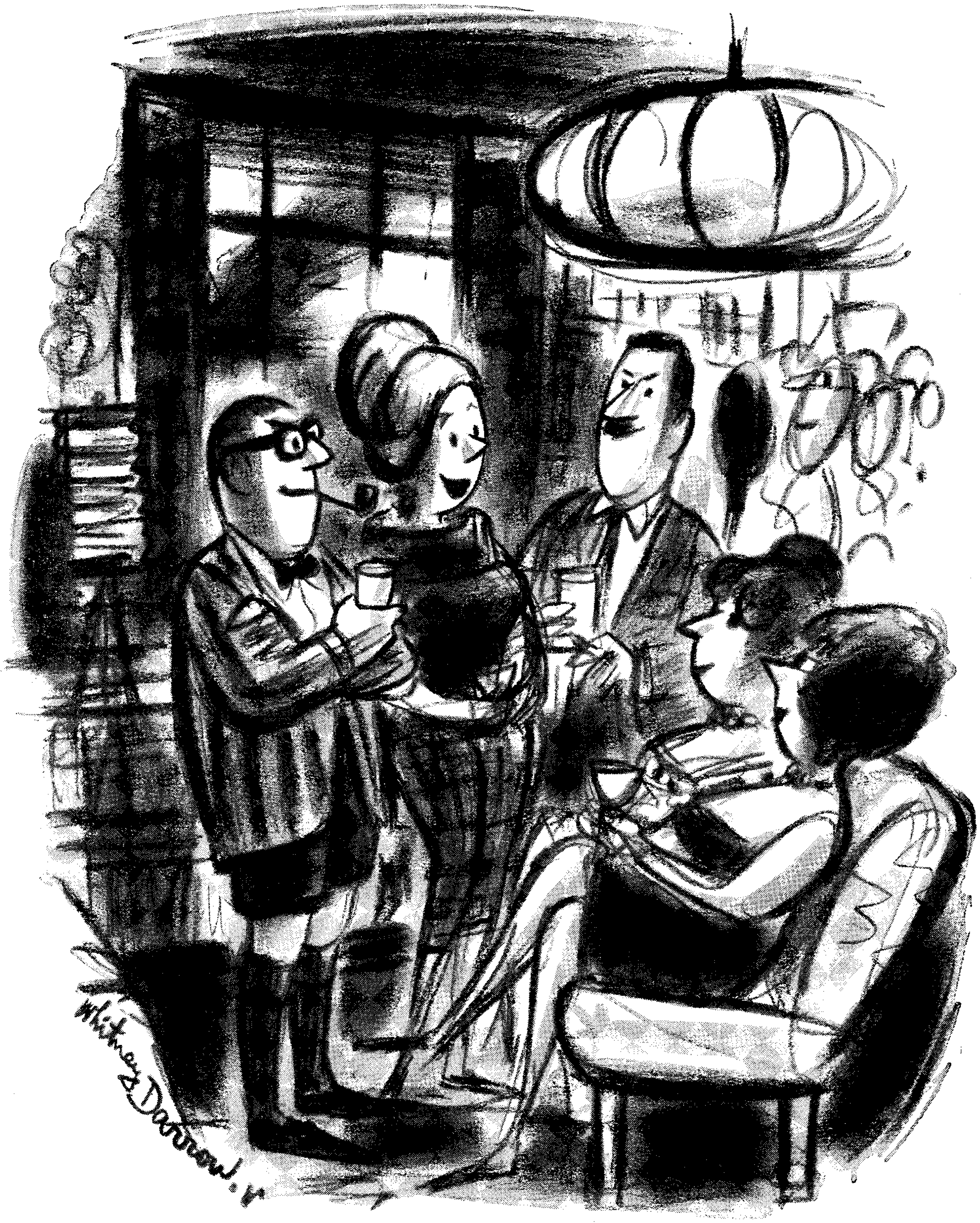
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 27

FOR the first time, the administration seems less a victim of circumstance than a creator, or contriver, of it. The President had plenty of advance notice of the Berlin crisis, and he is handling it in his own style and in pursuit of his own aims. He has used Khrushchev's plan for a 1961 peace treaty with the East Germans not simply to generate support for an adequate response to that specific challenge but to advance the whole of his foreign policy and, in particular, to gain for the United States and its allies military capabilities that will permit "a wider choice than humiliation or all-out nuclear action." Of the requests he made to the Congress yesterday and of the Presidential decisions he announced in his speech of two nights ago, only the plan to call up reservists as needed was not among those he had been intending to make at the beginning of next year, Berlin or no Berlin. The objective is to achieve the freedom and flexibility of maneuver for which General Maxwell Taylor, now Mr. Kennedy's closest military adviser, has been calling ever since the days of Charles E. Wilson, George M. Humphrey, and "massive retaliation." Behind the military purpose lies a diplomatic one—the restoration of American and Western initiative. Khrushchev gave the President a chance to ask for these measures now—to make his budget requests for fiscal 1963 in fiscal 1962—and he has done so, and Congress is not likely to deny him, as it very well might have done in the absence of what it regarded as a clear and present danger. Very little of what Congress authorizes in August could be of much help in defending our position in Berlin if it is directly challenged in this calendar year. The Russian military planners know this, of course, and one of the risks the President had to consider before asking Congressional approval for the Taylor approach to military policy was that of encouraging the Russians to move swiftly in Berlin while our choice of ripostes remains tragically and almost intolerably narrow. If he regarded it as very much of a risk, he took it, obviously, as one that had to be run if we were ever to arrive at a point where we will no longer look upon each crisis as a hard choice between appeasement and destruction.

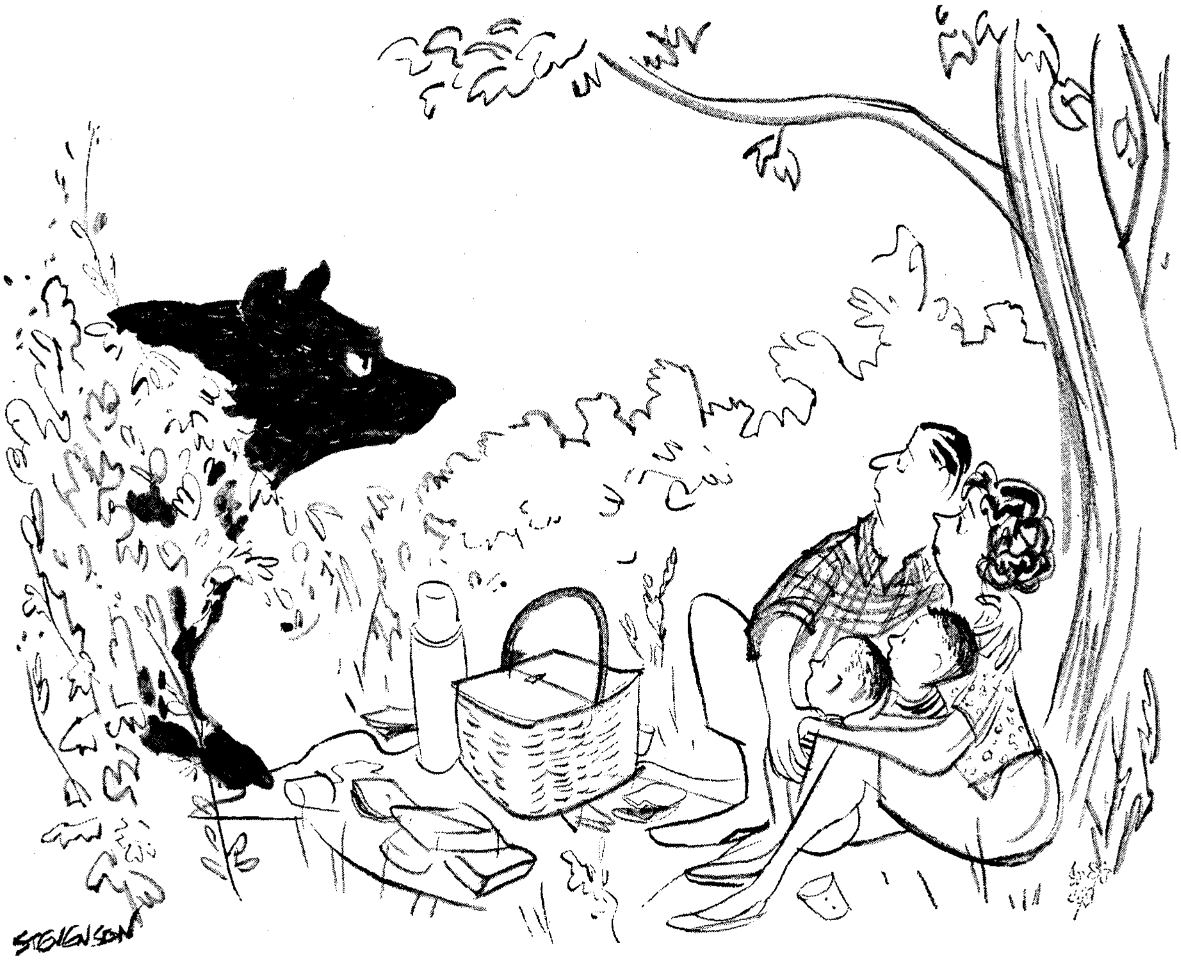
Actually, according to the best information available here, the risk of leading the Russians to an early showdown is not one that the President has lately regarded as particularly grave. To be sure, the emphasis in his speech to the country, which was also a speech to the Kremlin, was pretty heavily on the dangers of a Russian-East German attempt to engorge Berlin at an early date, and on our determination to prevent this. But this has not been the major emphasis in most recent discussions of policy here. It has been taken for granted that we would resort to force if we were confronted with force, but for at least a couple of weeks now the President and his advisers have been explaining to Congressmen and to journalists that they do not expect any single, sudden confrontation in Berlin. They are now fairly well convinced that Khrushchev will not compel us to make the choice we so greatly dread, and it is on this account—among others, but first among others—that the President did not declare, or ask Congress to declare, a national emergency. (The other reasons were technical. Administration lawyers found that the President was still able to exercise a good many powers under the emergency proclaimed at the time of the Korean War and never de-proclaimed. This was a late discovery, though, and long before it was made, White House and State Department people were saying that they would be greatly surprised if the President did declare a national emergency.) What is now expected in most responsible quarters is that Khrushchev will go ahead with the "peace treaty" with the Ulbricht regime he claims to have been carrying in his pocket for so many years, but that he will continue to keep Herr Ulbricht in his pocket and will retain full power over East German foreign policy, which—regardless of what the treaty might say—he would continue to construe as including relations with West Berlin. According to this theory, it is entirely possible, though somewhat less than probable, that he will instruct Ulbricht to leave arrangements in Berlin exactly as they are for the next year or two; what is regarded as probable is that he will authorize a series of small harassments of the West Berliners and of the Western occupying powers, and that he will cast about diligently for opportunities to make gains elsewhere—especially in places where our nuclear deterrent is uncommitted. The challenge in Berlin, in the current view, will be a challenge not to our power and our willingness to risk an Armageddon but to our patience and ingenuity. There are likely to be potholes and unplowed snow at the Berlin end of the Autobahn, needless delays and slowdowns on the railroads and at the airports, and perhaps ten yards of red tape for every yard that must now be dealt with—problems almost too trivial for serious negotiation, to say nothing of armed combat, among sovereign powers. And there are likely to be more important harassments elsewhere—in the dissident provinces of the Republic of the Congo, perhaps, or in Korea, or in Bolivia. A possibility that has come very much alive in the White House in recent weeks is that of being fully prepared for a Berlin "crisis" that never materializes in any truly serious form and fully unprepared for a severe crisis elsewhere, or for a whole series of minor crises just about everywhere.

IT is, at any rate, a world of multiple crises that the administration is looking toward, and its present feeling is that the danger of a 1961 Armageddon over Berlin is not one to dwell upon—in part because dwelling upon it will do no good and in part because a direct challenge does not seem to be among the surprises history has in store for us. This was not the feeling in the White House in the days just before and just after the Vienna meetings. The fear as recently as late June was that Khrushchev actually held the view that was reportedly expressed by his ambassador here at a cocktail party a couple of weeks back—that "the American people will not fight for Berlin." For a long time, the President seemed genuinely alarmed over the possibility of "war by miscalculation," and he felt, as a great many others did, that the first task of American policy was to cloak itself in clear and compelling language and to take whatever steps it could to make our determination "credible," to use a term much favored among strategists here. He flew to Vienna—in the immediate aftermath of Laos, where he had threatened intervention but had not intervened—to assure Khrushchev that this bourgeois democracy took its NATO obligations most solemnly and would not be prevented by any sort of threat from defending the West's right of way through East Germany to Berlin and preserving the civil and political liberties of the West Berliners. One got the impression that he left Vienna by no means certain that he had succeeded. He had found the encounter chilling, and the word "sombre," as descriptive of his own mood and his view of the state of the world, was frequently on his lips. He would doubtless describe the present situation as sombre, too, but if he did so, the word would have a somewhat different meaning. The world he sees now holds fewer threats of vast destruction, and its opportunities are equal to its dangers. It is a world that policy can deal with.



"Ed's writing like Thomas Wolfe these days. You know, standing up."

To observers here who lack access to intelligence reports and to full accounts of deliberations over strategy, it is not altogether clear why the dangers of a confrontation should have seemed so great in June and so slight, by comparison, in July. Certainly no steps that we have taken or contemplated—apart from the efforts to convey our determination in determined rhetoric—have strengthened our position vis-à-vis the Soviets in 1961. An increase in draft quotas and the calling up of a few reservists could be seen in the Kremlin as rather feeble and half-hearted gestures—and, indeed, as militarily irrelevant. It is possible, of course, that the administration has received some direct intelligence about Soviet intentions that it is not at liberty to pass along. Khrushchev has held some long talks with the British Ambassador in Moscow, Sir Frank Roberts, which the British here regard as hopeful and which some administration people have cited as among the influences on the President's thinking. The Soviet Premier is talking at present with John J. McCloy, a former American Military Governor and High Commissioner for Germany as well as the President's adviser on disarmament. He may have been repeating to some of his visitors what he said in Moscow on June 28th: "There will not be any obstacle put in the way of access to West Berlin [or] the freedom of its population." But Khrushchev says many things to many people, and the President apparently had the feeling that he was very much in earnest when he said in Vienna that Berlin was "a bone in his throat." Ordinarily, a man with a bone in his throat does all he can to get rid of it. It has been suggested in certain quarters here that Khrushchev's other troubles have been mounting so rapidly of late that he has lost interest in dealing with Berlin. The evidence is plentiful that things have been going from bad to worse throughout the Communist world. Soviet friction with China has increased; there are food shortages everywhere; the once reliable puppet in Albania, General Enver Hoxha, has shut down a Soviet submarine base; unrest in East Germany itself is said to be greater than at any time since 1953. But none of this,



"Don't let's panic now—at least until we see whether he likes peanut butter and jelly."

it would seem, could have influenced the administration very much in arriving at its present view of the world. Its experts on Soviet policy repeatedly say that they have no sure way of judging the impact of economic troubles, political rivalries, and threats of revolt within the Communist world on Khrushchev's policy toward the non-Communist world. In the long run, the Communists' troubles may be good news to us; in the short run, they are as likely as not to be bad news. Moreover, an administration that was confident Khrushchev had more than he could handle in dealing with his own woes would be unlikely to make so much of his power to stir up trouble all over the world.

THE chances are that the President's views are based not on secret intelligence about Soviet intentions (it will be quite a while, one imagines, before he again puts much reliance on secret intelligence), or on what Khrushchev has said to his visitors or to Moscow audiences, but on a straightforward analysis of the world as he assumes Khrushchev must see it. If Mr. Kennedy feels that a direct confrontation in Berlin this year is among the least likely of eventualities, it must be because he feels that Khrushchev fears the consequences. Khrushchev may well believe what Ambassador Menshikov said about American unwillingness to fight for Berlin, but he would be a fool to wager his existence on it. He knows that a nuclear war can be started by only a few trigger-happy or panicky people in high places, and that plenty of wars have been visited on unwilling people by their rulers. (Indeed, that is the Marxist view of all wars waged by capitalist powers.) Khrushchev, the President must reason, knows that our nuclear power is immense and that our means of delivery, while perhaps inferior to his own in quality and quantity, are adequate to what we might regard as our "needs" if West Berlin were subjected to any siege involving the large-scale use of the Soviet power massed in East Germany. Though Berlin is a metaphorical bone in Khrushchev's throat, the relief he would get from removing it would not warrant the running of any serious risks to his life or his power. (Actually, he has, and has always had, the means at hand for ending the largest of his problems with West Berlin; the flow of refugees could be sealed off at any time—at a heavy but almost certainly not unbearable cost to economic and political stability in East Germany—and he could keep the viruses of West Berlin political attitudes out of his zone by tougher methods of political sanitation.) And risks of nuclear warfare are not negligible even when they are slight.

If, as many people now assume, the President and his advisers have been attempting to reach a policy by "playing" Khrushchev, they have done so with a full awareness of the hazards. A few years ago, a long and acrimonious debate took place here between those who thought that defense policy should be based on the "intentions" of the adversary and those who thought it should be based on his "capabilities." Among those who thought that "capabilities" provided the only sound criteria were Mr. Kennedy and most of his current advisers. "Intentions" are elusive and basically unmeasurable. Also, they have a way of turning out to be irrelevant. No amount of thinking by the President and the most gifted of his advisers can reveal what wild fancies may dwell in Khrushchev's mind, or how much his prestige depends upon his bellicosity, or what political pressures are being brought to bear on him. On the other hand, it is reasonably certain that the most accurate measure of Soviet and American "capabilities" could not have provided a sure basis for a policy toward Berlin in 1961. If the Soviets were willing to commit their own troops in Eastern Europe, the West would immediately be outmatched, and the land war, if only conventional weapons were used, could not be won by the reserves and draftees who may be called up in the coming months. If we decided to continue resistance, we would be obliged to use nuclear weapons, with which we are well supplied. There was, in other words, nothing the administration could do to change the real power situation in Europe this year; it had to go ahead on the assumption that if this latest of the Berlin crises leads to war

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it will be a nuclear war. The proclamation of a full-scale national emergency or an order for total mobilization might have increased Khrushchev's appreciation of the dangers of the situation, but they would have changed nothing else. The President's insistence on planning for a period "which stretches far beyond the present Berlin crisis" may be evidence of a statesmanlike vision; in fact, however, there was no other period he could plan for, even if he expected Khrushchev to try to gobble up West Berlin this autumn.

But the feeling here now is that a good deal of vision has gone into the details of the plan he has presented to Congress. The creation of a sizable force of conventionally armed troops, mobile and ready for general assignment, could greatly reduce the risk of nuclear war in future crises. Such a force, for example, might respond to a threat to Berlin by moving on an area where Russian deterrent power was less heavily committed than it is in Berlin. It could cut off communications in various parts of the Communist world without directly confronting Communist power. It could press with some weight on shaky satellites. (There was a bit of talk here a few weeks ago about the possibility of responding to a major Russian move in Berlin with a NATO move against Albania. That was before Albania itself shut the Russians out and had the Chinese in.) It would also have a beneficial effect in this country. It has been notable here over the past few months how greatly the narrowness of our choices narrows American opinion. Almost everyone will agree in principle that appeasement and nuclear war are both terrible. But since a choice between them has seemed to so many to be the only one, people have found themselves making it. Advocates of preventive or "preëmptive" war have grown somewhat in number, and so has the number of those who think we might settle the Berlin problem by evacuating the western portions of the city or undertaking to hold back the refugees ourselves. When the only alternatives are different forms of disaster, partisans of one or the other begin turning up all over the place.

—Richard H. Rovere

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—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

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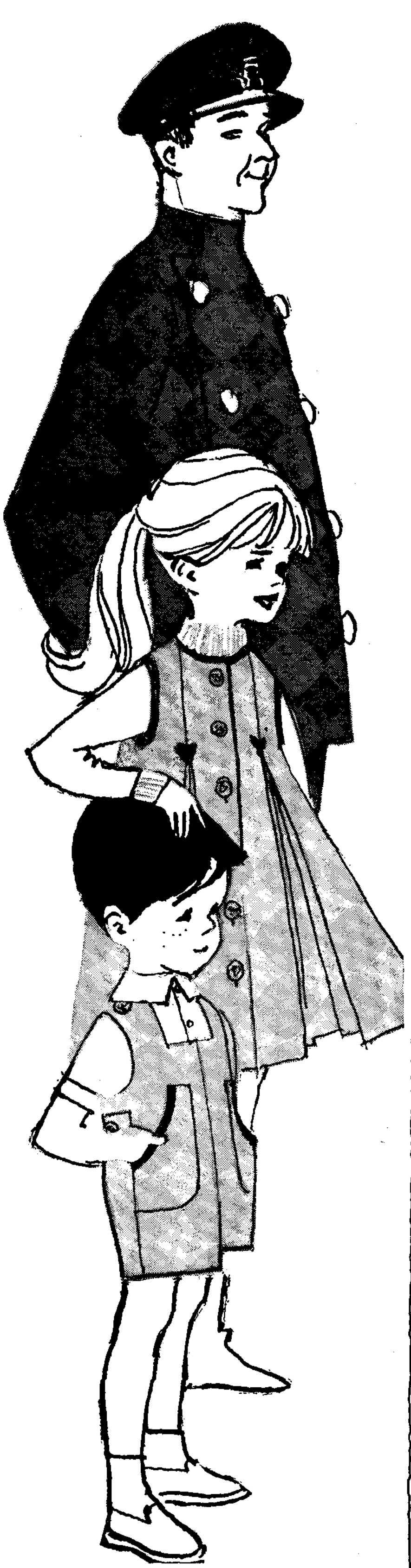

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FLORENCE EISEMAN
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FLORENCE EISEMAN

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Profane and Sacred

HERE'S a welcome novelty—an American movie that asks, and deserves, to be taken seriously. It's called "A Cold Wind in August," and I assure you that the title is the only pretentious thing about it. Blessedly modest in scale, photographed in astringent black-and-white, "A Cold Wind in August" has but a single statement to make, makes it, then stops. Not ends, stops. That this un-Hollywoodlike economy suffices is thanks to a camera as agile and unobtrusive as a ghost, dialogue unerringly coarse, humdrum, and compelling (oh, the eloquence of the tongue-tied, the heartbreaking rhetoric of the half educated!), and marvellous acting. Burton Wohl, who wrote the screenplay; Alexander Singer, who directed the picture; and Phillip Hazelton, who produced it, are all figures unknown to me, but plainly they are not unknown to themselves, for what shines out of "A Cold Wind," almost as if with its own light, is that its makers knew precisely who they were and what they wished to achieve and how to achieve it. The same gratifying certainty and sense of purpose distinguish all the members of the small, perfect cast, which includes Lola Albright, Scott Marlowe, Herschel Bernardi, and Joe DiSantis.

The bare bones of the plot give off, I fear, a not very reassuring rattle. A twenty-eight-year-old stripper, known in the profession by the glorious name of Beryl Cobalt and in private by the scarcely less glorious one of Iris Hartford, has had many radically unsuccessful encounters with men, two or three of whom she has gone so far as to marry. Strippingly speaking, Iris is No. 1, but she despises her sullen art or craft and spends her summer vacations in an apartment in New York, pretending to be just another attractive, more or less fully clothed female nonentity. In the course of one of these vacations, she meets the son of the building superintendent, a handsome seventeen-year-old Italian named Vito. Poor Vito has always been a good boy and is reluctant to let his first

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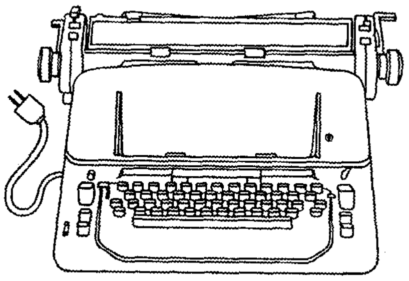

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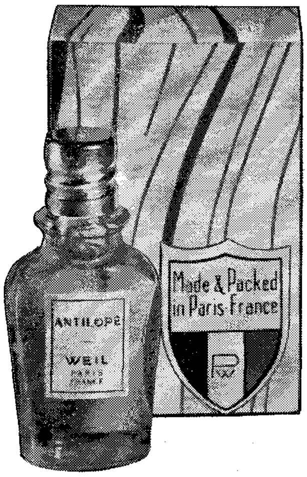

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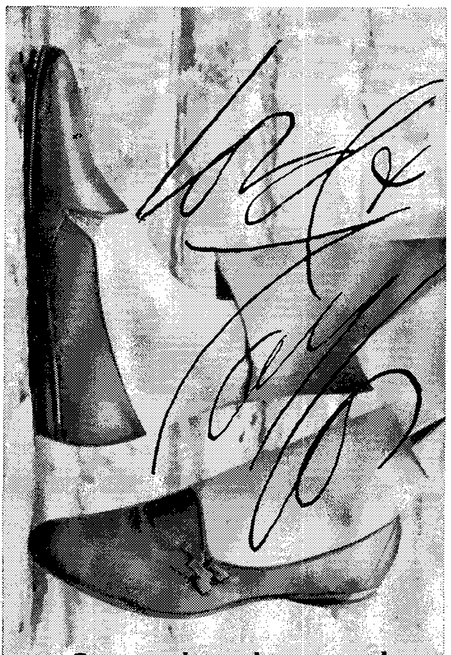
leap into love be one that is obviously so far over his head, but Iris soon contrives to seduce him. Despite the boy's uneasiness and the fact that one of Iris's lovers is still cozily skulking about, the odd couple go steady for a while; then Vito discovers that Iris is Beryl, is made actively sick by the discovery, and jilts her in favor of a silly little untried girl of his own age.

That is all there is, and I warned you it wouldn't sound like much, but on the screen it turns out to be a great deal. Messrs. Wohl, Singer, and Hazelton are fearless in the presence of clichés of speech and scene; platitudes of real life and platitudes of picture-making are equally warmly embraced and thus unexpectedly endowed with freshness. If you flinch at some of the inanities our two ill-matched lovers feel obliged to utter, I suspect you will be flinching in part out of recollection. Moreover, though the characters are stock, they are not cutouts; the gentle Italian father gives remarkably good advice to his son; the skulking lover, gross as his responses are, is genuinely dismayed to learn that he has failed Iris; and Iris herself is always touchingly aware of the doom she courts. The language and conduct of the characters in "A Cold Wind" are as rough and ready as any that have reached the screen since the high fences of censorship started to come down, but nothing is said or done to titillate, and the moral of the movie—that the wages of sin is misery—should satisfy the sternest Aunt Jane.

"FRANCIS OF ASSISI" is an act of piety and money-coining by Twentieth Century-Fox. It stars Bradford Dillman, Yale '51, as St. Francis, and if anyone looks more out of place in thirteenth-century Italy than Dillman does I guess it must be Dolores Hart, who plays Francis's rich and aristocratic ex-girl friend, Clare, later to be a saint in her own right. But no, I forgot Finlay Currie—he, too, strikes a splendidly implausible note, and one of the high points of the movie is his juicy bit as Pope Innocent III, especially when, in a Scotch burr that you could almost distill and bottle, he sends Francis on his way to the Crusades in words something like "Ye're a guid mon, Fr-r-r-ancis!" The sad truth of the matter is that acts of piety can be hoked up to make money but can't be made interesting. Hagiography is defective art, not least because of our certainty that in the end the crowns of glory will all be neatly fitted into place. It's the failed



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saints whose lives would provide entertaining surprises, but who ever writes of them? The lack of suspense in "Francis of Assisi" had me on the edge of my seat and en route to the door a dozen times, and for sheer expectedness the holy man's edifying death isn't likely to be surpassed in our time. The paintings that serve as a background to the innumerable credits that launch the picture were photographed in the cathedral at Assisi and are by a comer named Giotto. —BRENDAN GILL

•

DEAR MR. H——:

Thank you for your letter of March 5th in which you are obviously complaining about our Oyster Stew.

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Oysters are a very expensive shellfish and we are, of course, limited in the amount of oyster meat that can go into the product. We do, however, feel that we put enough oyster meat in Hilton's Oyster Stew to make it delicious and healthful. We use large Pacific oysters which are sliced and mixed with fresh homogenized milk and fresh creamery butter. In processing, of course, the oyster meat loses considerable weight in exudating these nutritious juices which blend in with the milk. I am sorry that you are not satisfied and we are enclosing our check in the amount of $1.00. I hope that you will use it to purchase additional cans of Hilton's Oyster Stew.

Very truly yours,
HILTON SEAFOODS CO., INC.
H. C. DOWELL
General Manager

—*Letter received by a man in Burlington, Vermont.*

This could go on indefinitely.

•

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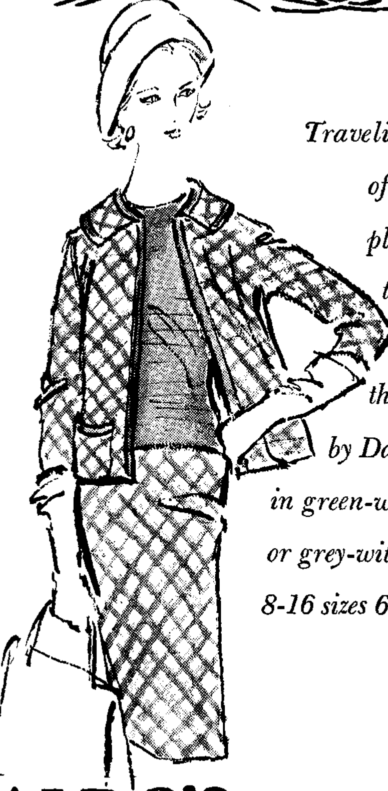
[*Press release from the public-relations department of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company*]

Citing "four P's" necessary to proper handling of public service shows, Mr. Santangelo called for "program product—inventive originality and entertainment; press agentry—a little money can go a long way in the area of old fashioned tub thumping; promotion plus—materials for the press and some bazazz in the spot announcement copy; and personal appearances—seizing as many public platforms as possible."

"No one asks us to throw a professor into the swimming pool at a lush party, but competition demands knowledge of basic promotion techniques and the exercise of a new T.I.O. . . . total imagination output," the public relations chief pointed out. "We dare not take the superior attitude of they-ought-to-watch-this-because-it's-good-for-them."



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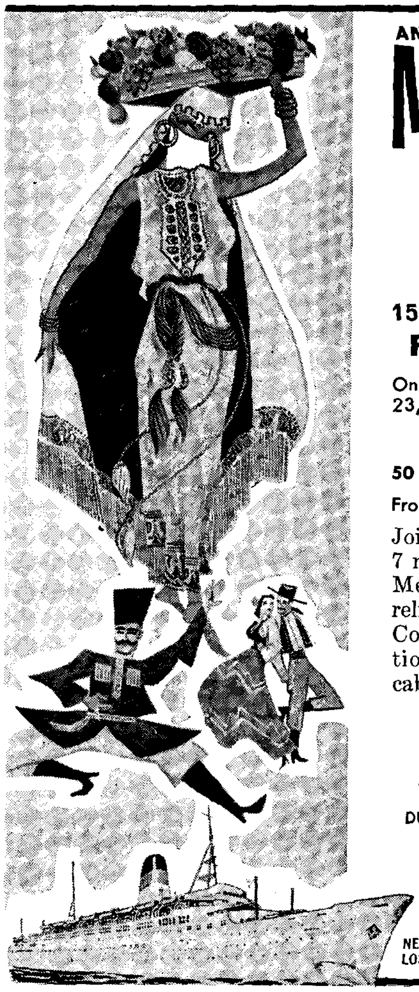

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THE RACE TRACK

Strike

IT was inevitable, I suppose, that James R. Hoffa would try to unionize (if that's the word for it) racing. So, during the closing days of the summer season on Long Island, Aqueduct was in the throes of a strike of grooms and exercise boys called by Local 917 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Now the wrangle has moved to Saratoga, and when it will end, nobody—as of this writing—knows. However, I have a notion the Teamsters will find that the Saratoga townspeople are not to be trifled with when an attempt is made to cut off their annual August pickings. The strike was no surprise. For months, the union has been working to organize the stable hands at Belmont and Aqueduct, and when the walkout was called, the local claimed that three hundred of the twelve hundred men employed quit work. Several trainers put the number at less than ten per cent, and when I was at Belmont a couple of mornings last week to watch the training going on there, you'd never have thought there was a strike on. One horseman told me that only four of his twenty men had gone out, and that two days later three of them came back to work. Indeed, some of the big stables didn't lose a man. And to help the small ones that didn't have exercise boys, the jockeys offered to gallop horses for them in the mornings. Even though they'll never get a forty-hour week and fringe benefits, the horses won't suffer.

In this hot weather, things didn't go so well at Aqueduct, and betting and attendance fell off. All the bars and restaurants were closed, because the bartenders, waiters, cooks, and helpers of the Stevens catering staff wouldn't cross the picket line. Horseplayers will remember it as the week when the management gave programs away—until, that is, the printers walked out, too.

ANY question in your mind about Kelso is easy to answer—he's the best horse in training. Winning the Brooklyn Handicap in the style he did at Aqueduct the other day may not have been the greatest performance of his career (though a lot of people think it was), but it was as enthralling as

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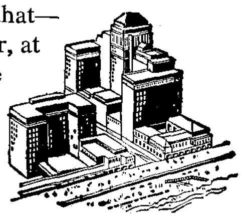

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any I've seen in months. He carried 136 pounds, gave from twelve to thirty pounds to the nine other starters, and mowed down all opposition in the stretch. Divine Comedy took a long early lead, and at one point on the backstretch was eight lengths or so ahead of Francis S., who was about the same distance in front of Kelso, rolling along easily in third place. Later, Arcaro, who rode Kelso, said that he was more worried about the horses behind him than about either of the leaders, since he felt certain that they would run out of speed, which is exactly what they did. Divine Comedy did the third quarter in 0:23⅘, but it took him two full seconds longer to cover the next two furlongs. It was here that Kelso began his run, and when he swung into the stretch—he's really impressive at full gallop—you knew he was going to make it. He did, by more than a length, while Divine Comedy saved second place by a nose from Yorky, who I fancy was the one Arcaro was concerned about. Apart from the fact that Kelso is the third horse ever to win the Metropolitan, the Suburban, and the Brooklyn the same season, it was his eleventh victory in a row—a string begun in the Choice Stakes at Monmouth just a year ago. Beat that!

PRIMONETTA, I regret to report, couldn't preserve her unbeaten record. Though she never ran better, she lost by a neck in the Monmouth Oaks when My Portrait slipped through on the rail in the last furlong. Primonetta will have a go at Bowl of Flowers in the Alabama Stakes at the Spa this weekend. . . . A two-year-old to watch at Saratoga is Jaipur, who won impressively at Aqueduct a couple of weeks ago, on the same afternoon that Sir Gaylord beat Green Ticket in the Great American. . . . Perhaps the best in the West is Rattle Dancer, a roan colt by Native Dancer who won the Hollywood Juvenile Championship Stakes recently. . . . And, Hoffa or no Hoffa, buyers bid like crazy at the Keeneland yearling sales last week. Top of the list was John M. Olin, who gave $130,000 for a colt by Swaps out of Obedient. It was the all-time high. I can remember when you could buy a nice stable for $130,000.

—AUDAX MINOR

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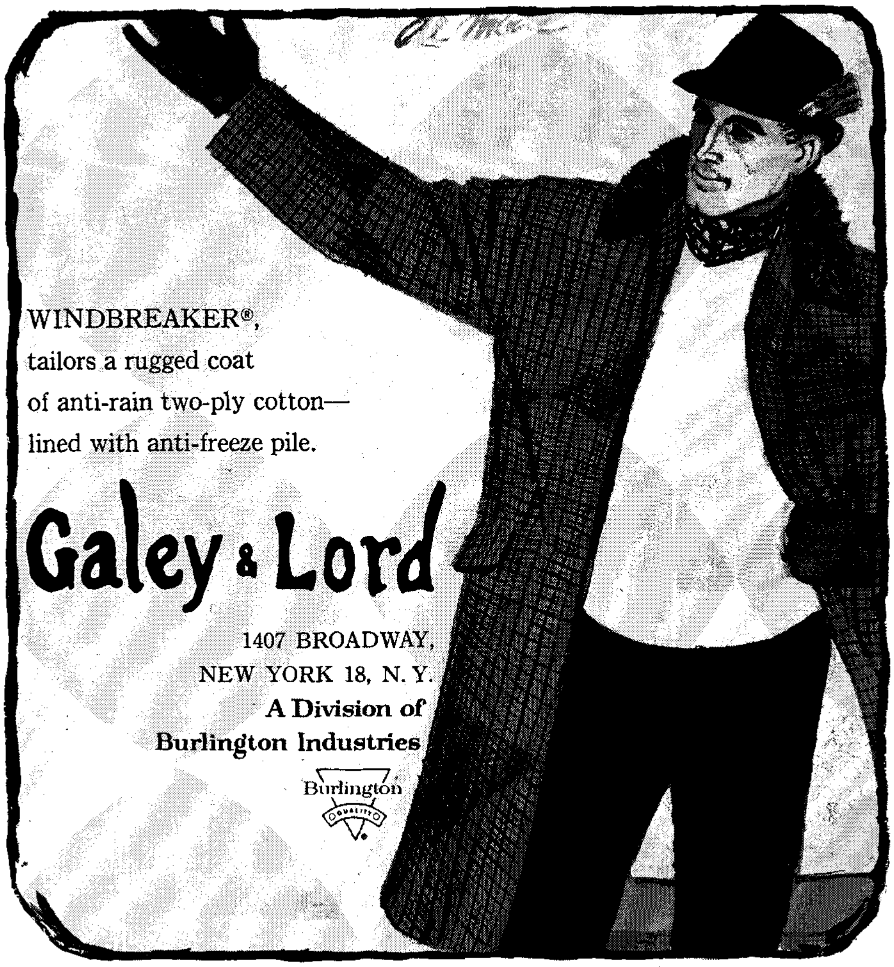
DOCTOR URGES
PARENTS REDUCE
CHILD POISONING
—*Headline in the Boston Traveler.*

Always some new fad.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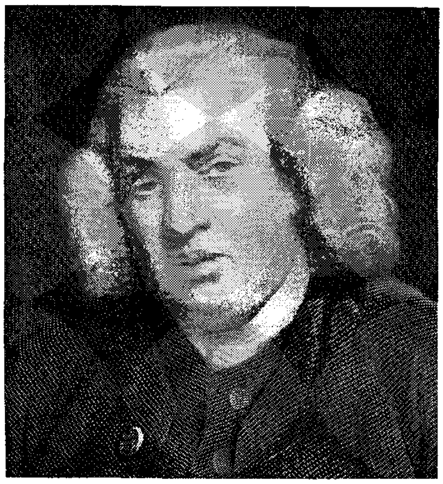

SAMUEL JOHNSON

tax

Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defined the word *excise* as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities."

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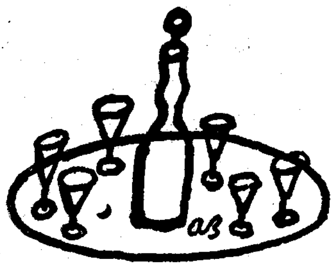
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

July 24, 1961

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Gentlemen:

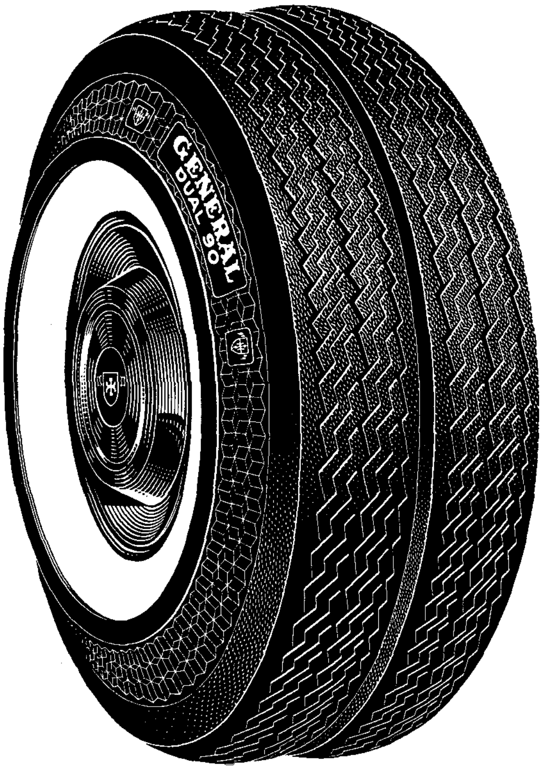
As a man who has spent a great deal of his life in elm shade, I was pleased to read Mr. Berton Roueché's recent Profile of Ulmus americana, that stately ornament of New England. I was surprised, though, that he managed to write a discursive and informative article about the elm without mentioning the elm's oldest friend and greatest admirer. Mr. Roueché mentioned P. G. Cross, Oliver Wendell Holmes, A. J. Downing, Joseph S. Illick, André Michaux, and the late Ernest H. Wilson, all of whom held the tree in high esteem, but he said nothing at all about that fierce champion of elm delight, that brilliant student of elm sway, Icterus galbula, the golden robin, sometimes called fire hangbird, properly called oriole, the bird that lent its colors to the coat of arms of George Calvert, the first Baron Baltimore. I can no more think of an elm without thinking of an oriole than I can think of a penny without thinking of an ant.

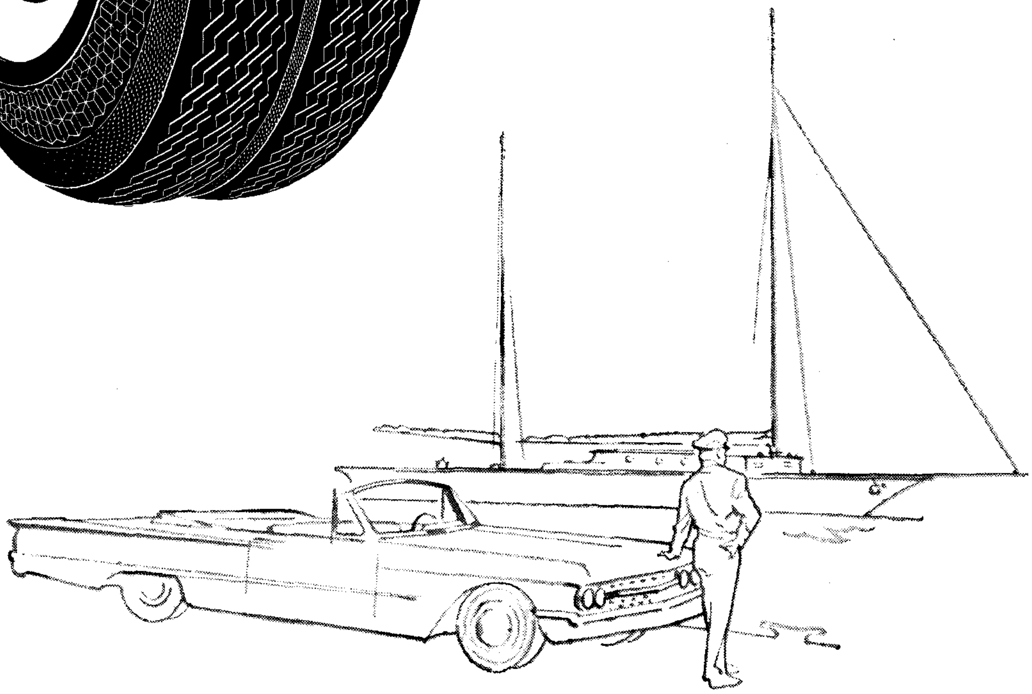
The love of the Baltimore oriole for the American elm is one of the great affairs of all time. When I was a child, cycling lonely as a cloud from village to village, the sight of the familiar little gray basket nest that dripped from the tips of elm branches never failed to invigorate me and give strength to my pedalling. I seldom saw an oriole, but I seldom missed seeing a nest. Just as Ulmus is the tree of trees, so the nest of Icterus is the basket of baskets. In his "Birds of Massachusetts," Edward Howe Forbush describes the nest as "a neatly-woven, pensile, purse-shaped structure," and he leaves no doubt in anybody's mind as to what he thinks of the female oriole's workmanship. "In fashioning her swinging domicile," he says, "she displays more skill in weaving than does any other bird of New England." That's a lot of birds. Quite aside from her skill as a weaver, there is something impressive about her decision to go through the business of egg laying and child rearing in a dangling home buffeted by every gale. It is as though a woman nine months along were to select the Whip at Coney Island for her lying-in. Mr. Forbush minces no words in describing the strong bond between elm and oriole; speaking of the bird's distribution in New England, he says, ". . . its nesting area seems to be coincident with the distribution of elm trees rather than a question of altitude." (Elms are so high anyway, an oriole has quite a choice of altitude in the tree alone.)



My keen disappointment at finding no Baltimore oriole in your elm Profile is perhaps pardonable at this moment, as I have lately been a very close witness to the relationship. There are two elms on the lawn in front of my house. They stand about twelve feet from the building, casting their welcome shade on sunny summer days, posing their threat to my roof timbers during winter gales. One of these elms is a magnificent tree in glowing health; its girth five feet from the ground (which is the height at which Holmes measured his) is six feet four inches. Its topmost branches sweep the sky at about twice the height of my ridgepole. The other tree is a semi-invalid, a pitiful little elm that was struck by a bolt of lightning about fifteen years ago and has been a cripple ever since. It lost an arm, skinned an elbow, and apparently lost its courage. It does not wear the rich foliage of my other tree. Of it one cannot exclaim, as P. G. Cross did, "Ulmus! The onrushing ages have left thy uplifted crown with undimmed glory." The onrushing ages, in this case, damn near finished it off, and I have often wondered, as I studied my government bulletin on the Dutch elm disease, whether I should deliver the coup de grâce—sacrifice the sickly tree in hopes of saving the healthy one. The elm-bark beetle, which carries the disease, is said to prefer weak trees for his fun. But every time I have reached for my axe (more lately my power saw) I have faltered. A sick tree is like a sick child—you tend to nurse it along.

In the thirty years of my association with these two elms, I have never enjoyed the company of a pair of nesting Baltimore orioles. My trees clearly lacked the one thing that would fulfill them. But the Baltimore is not a common bird hereabouts, and I have tried not to let the matter depress my spirits. About two months ago, early in blos-





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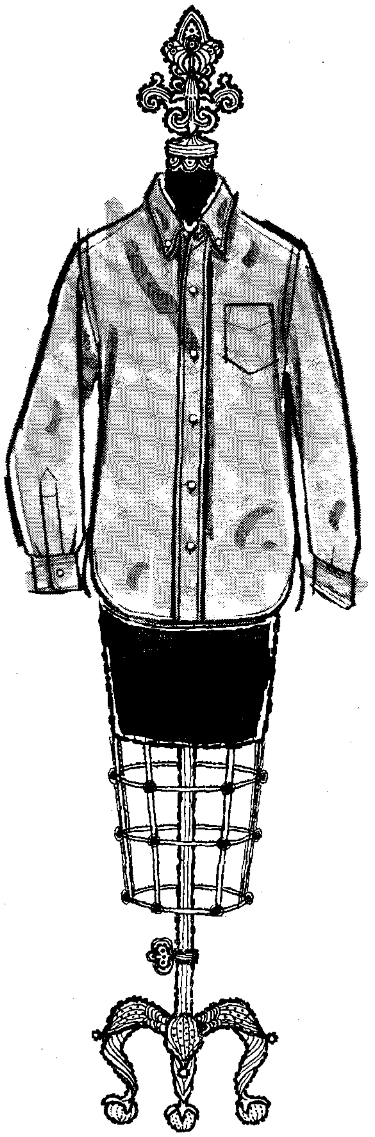

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The Villager T.M.REG.

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somtime, I was gazing one day into the depths of our large pear tree, which in springtime is a sort of bird's pub catering to the thirst of a mixed clientele, when I noticed a glint of gold. It was Icterus galbula, without any doubt. He was sampling pear nectar. He already had several drinks under his belt and soon was playing darts with a couple of finches. Next day, I saw him again; he remained in the tree almost all day, a flashy dresser and one of the steadiest drinkers I have ever seen in my popular pear. A day or two later, he brought his wife, and although I tried to quiet my busy mind, I was unable to fight off the thought "Ulmus." Then, the pear having run out of liquor, the two orioles retired to the apple orchard.

One memorable afternoon, I was standing in the driveway talking to a visitor when I saw the female oriole rush by overhead. In her beak she carried some knitting material. Ignoring the great elm, she dove straight for a couple of low, intertwined, stringy branches of the crippled tree, and there I plainly saw silhouetted against the western sky the first loose elements of what would soon be her neatly-woven, pensile, purse-shaped structure—right over my front door and only about fifteen feet from the bed in which I sleep. "Excelsior!" I cried. "Icterus in Ulmo!" My startled visitor left immediately.

So, after thirty years, I've been through a nesting time with an oriole, and my crippled elm has shone with a golden light.

But I've not written all this to chide Mr. Roueché for his omission, merely to ask him a few questions. Is there no relationship between birds and the control of the Dutch elm disease? My bulletin from the Maine Forest Service is as silent about orioles and woodpeckers as it is noisy about sprays. Soak your tree, it says, with a twenty-five-per-cent DDT stock solution diluted with water. But what about the hairy woodpecker? Does he take the elm-bark beetle? What about the downy? Does he? I have four woodpeckers here—the downy, the hairy, the flicker, and the pileated. They all hunt beetles, I believe. At any rate, they all hunt *something*. The pileated, who shows up infrequently, tears bark off our trees with such powerful strokes and in such whopping amounts that I can hardly believe he's looking for anything as small as Scolytus multistriatus. He acts more as though he were looking for Judge Crater.

Does Icterus take the elm-bark

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beetle? I know he takes a little bug that lives inside certain tightly rolled-up leaves of elm trees, because I've watched him at it. He daintily inserts his beak (sometimes while hanging by his toes) into the rolled leaf and carefully draws out the contents. Could this bug be Scaphoideus luteolus, carrier of the dread phloem necrosis? If it is, of three cheers for my friend Icterus and my friend Icterus's wife. I know orioles destroy the tent caterpillar, because Forbush tells about that. My orchard usually has tent caterpillars and no orioles. This year it has orioles and no caterpillars. I have made a note, drawn no conclusions. The birds, incidentally, don't eat the whole caterpillar, just one small inner part, a delicacy of the gut—like a gourmet with his tomalley.

A friend of mine who lives in Cleveland believes that the answer to the Dutch elm disease is birds. He is not a plant pathologist, merely an observant man and a doctor of medicine. If you have an elm, he says, make friends with the birds. I leave this sentimental fellow to your mercy. There is, in fact, no reason I should ask these hard questions of Mr. Roueché; I should ask them of the United States Department of Agriculture, or the Maine Forest Service. Or perhaps I should ask them of the husband of the woman who washes my wife's hair, an entomologist so shy that birds have been known to light on him in the deep woods. But it is so much easier just to ask them of Mr. Roueché. What's more fun than annoying a writer?

Sincerely,
E. B. White

•

Police said Matsuoka lives with his mother, who runs a tiny candy store. The mother said her son has the bad habit of seducing little girls, when he is drunk.
—*Mainichi, a Tokyo newspaper.*

We all have our peccadilloes.

•

"Without carrying out these functions," he said, "newspapers die—either quick deaths or by silently fading away."

Funeral arrangements will be announced by Sconiers Funeral Home.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

Never mind that.

•

ONE-WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*From the catalogue of Spencer Gifts, Atlantic City*]

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JOSEPH MAGNIN

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts

IF heaven does induce the final cooling of those fleshy turbines the emotions, then all great religious music, which is distinctly fleshy and highly emotional, is basically secular. (Most Protestant hymns, with their Babbitt-like rhythms and oaken melodies, *are* religious.) Indeed, some religious music all but shines with evil. Consider the ominous basso-profundo chants and galelike down-there brass choirs in Berlioz' "Requiem," which reverberate through the vaults not of heaven but of hell. And consider one of the newest of religious musics, the American Negro's gospel songs. Though there is probably no headier or more aspiring religious music being composed or performed anywhere today, gospel music, which has mushroomed in the past couple of decades, is infused by its secular relative—jazz. It is largely a vocal music, whose peculiar waltzlike rhythms, simple form and harmonies, complex phrasing, and blue notes have almost all been borrowed from jazz—an odd situation, for the Negro church abhors jazz, which it regards as devil music. Bessie Smith was the progenitor of Mahalia Jackson, the supreme gospel singer. Other gospel singers unmistakably echo certain jazz instrumentalists, among them Bubber Miley and Red Allen. At the same time, modern jazz has recently reached out and tapped gospel music, and is absorbing the gospel variations of jazz devices invented a generation or two ago. Gospel music is two-way in other respects. A church music, it is now enjoyed—through recordings, the radio, and concerts—by an enormous secular audience, which includes a good many whites. Its melodies (all cut from the same charming, loosely woven cloth) and its lyrics, though often banal and even lachrymose, can be, in the right improvisatory hands, insuperably majestic. African in origin, it celebrates a Protestant God. Its performers, a generally devout people, are given to all sorts of ejaculatory motions, frequently behaving like vaudevillians.

Most of these crosscurrents were clearly visible at the fourth of the Museum of Modern Art's Thursday-evening "Jazz in the Garden" series,

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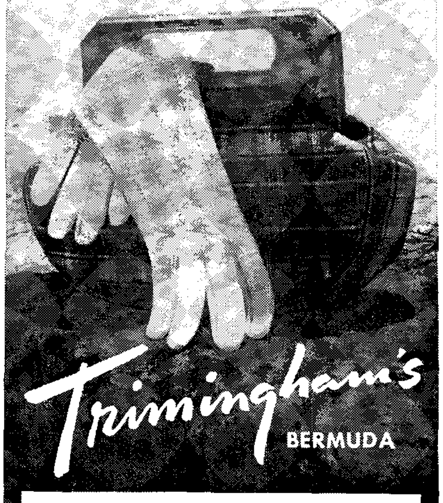

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given a week or so ago by Marion Williams and the Stars of Faith (Frances Steadman, Catherine Parham, Henrietta Waddy, and Mattie Williams). Marion Williams, a short, agile, Victorian-shaped woman, was dressed in the traditional semi-bouffant Greek robes and Germanic bun of the gospel singer (she was in white, her cohorts in green), and she spent most of the evening swaying about, marching from one side of the stage to the other, clapping her hands, presenting her profile—chin stabbing heavenward, eyes shut, and hands outstretched. Her singing, equally physical, seemed an exact reflection of her movements. Each syllable was fixed to a different note, some of the notes registers apart. In fact, Miss Williams is gifted with the irrepressible ambition (but not the equipment) to slip gracefully from the coloratura range down through the contralto. (Mahalia Jackson has far greater technique and far less ambition.) As a result, Miss Williams' high-register phrases were usually shrieks, accented by a choppy vibrato, while her low-register statements were encased in thick growls or tubular moans. (The public-address system was little help; it both diluted and hardened her voice.) She sang several of the twelve selections solo, four or five with her group, which chanted contrapuntally in the background, and then allowed each of her singers a solo number. The best of these was "My Lord and I," sung by Frances Steadman, who has a soft, camel's-hair contralto, a startling contrast to her background music, which resembled a treeful of starlings. The group's vaudeville bent reached a climax in the final number, when Miss Williams introduced her son, a two- or three-year-old got up in a blue suit and dazzling white shoes. While he executed bits and pieces of soft-shoe and the chorus rocked back and forth, Miss Williams marched off into the audience, arms up, chin reared, and singing at peak power. It was an exhilarating and even proselytizing moment, and if the chance had been offered, I would have answered the call on the spot.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

CLEAR DAYS IN SADDLE RIVER

[*From the Bergen County (N.J.) Independent*]

ALLENDALE—The annual Great Books Picnic was held last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Mathison, Old Woods Road, Saddle River. At this meeting planned discussion of Plato, Aristotle and Socrates was abandoned as the members joined in the picnic events of the day.

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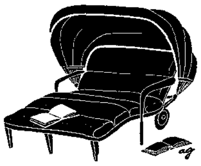
BOOKS

The Dollars Damned Him

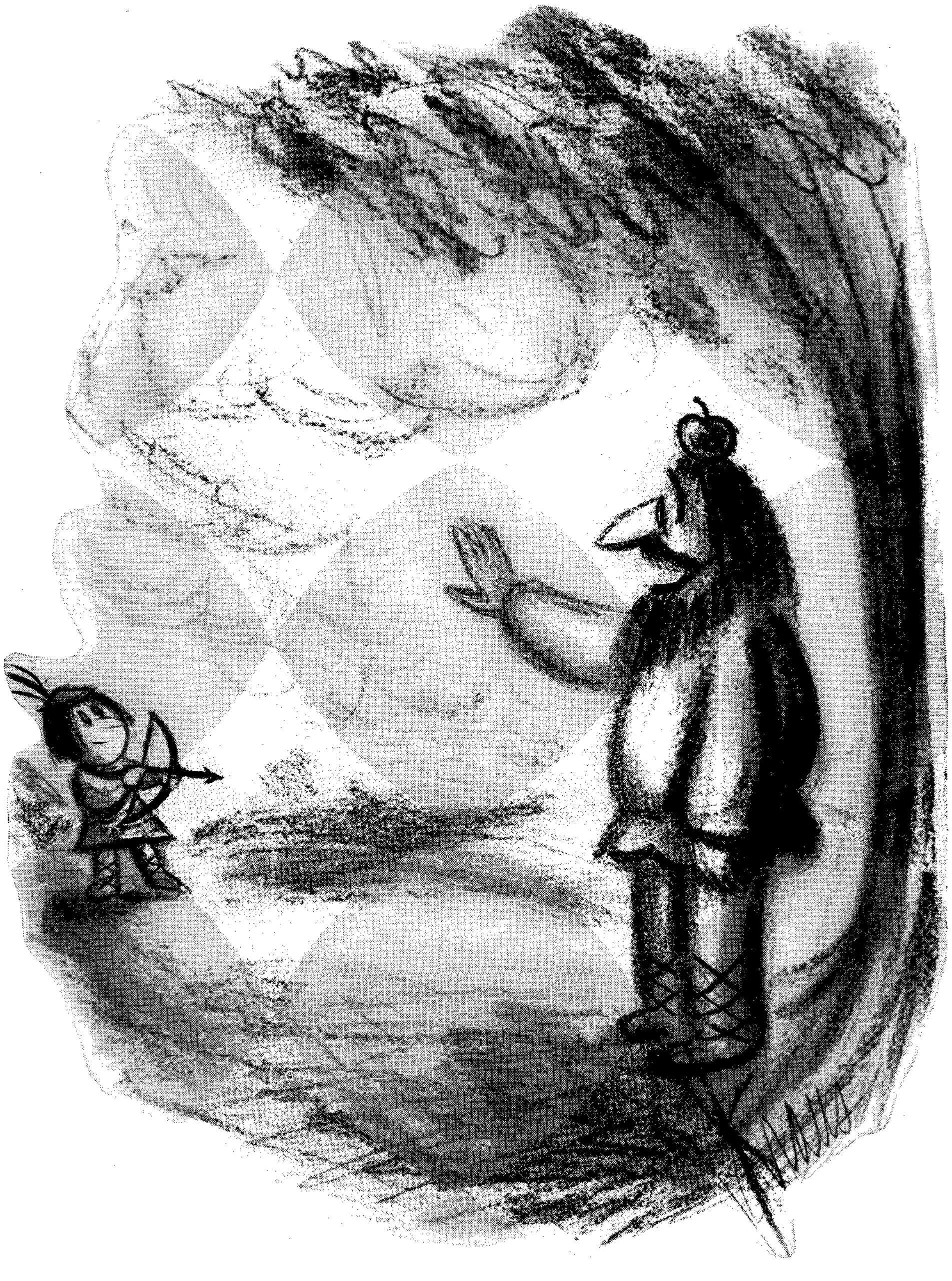


THE American Library Association, listing forty-six Notable Books of 1960 not long ago, left out "Stephen Crane: Letters," edited by R. W. Stallman and Lillian Gilkes, with an introduction by Professor Stallman (New York University Press), and "Cora Crane," by Miss Gilkes (Indiana University Press). This saddened me. Writer-researchers who clear up a tragedy sixty years old can hardly expect any of the prizes that fall so readily to authors of bad novels and books about the Civil War, but Professor Stallman and Miss Gilkes could legitimately have aspired to make the list of forty-six. The letters clearly show us that Crane was the victim not of self-indulgence or a death wish, as it has been popular among critics to assume, but of his situation, which was banal. He died, unwillingly, of the cause most common among American middle-class males—anxiety about money. This fear expresses itself most often now through thromboses and cerebral hemorrhages, but it operates just as lethally with tuberculosis, which Crane had. Maladies, like breeds of dogs, move in and out of favor, but money worry is constant in societies wherein the Western Nonconformist Protestant culture sets the pattern. (In England and the United States, Catholics, Jews, and non-believers take the same impress early in life as Presbyterians.) It is the fuse within the somatic bomb.

Artists are neither more nor less susceptible than Wall Street men or haberdashers. It is a matter not of temperament but of anthropology. Old Osawatomie John Brown, who feared no bullet, wrote to a friend that his creditors made him feel like "a toad under the harrow." Bankruptcy saddened the early life of Ulysses S. Grant, the otherwise imperturbable, and then the terror of bankruptcy came again and got him after his second term in the White House. He wrote his memoirs while dying of cancer of the throat, as Crane, twenty years later, was to grind out stories for magazines as he lay dying of tuberculosis. Crane, for all his irregular life and beliefs, was the son of a clergyman and the brother of a grasping lawyer. He was therefore peculiarly liable to the disease of his kind.

The turn of the century was a time when expenditure was accepted as the outward sign of Divine Grace. The steam yacht was the nimbus, reserved for millionaires, and while the author of "The Red Badge of Courage" did not set himself so high, he had an unrealistic view of how he rated. Cora Crane, it is plain from her biography, shared his illusions. A handsome woman, adept at hospitality, she complemented her moody writer husband perfectly. Writers' consorts are of two kinds—those who are indignant at society's treatment of their husbands, and those who are indignant at their husbands for being writers. Cora was of the first sort. She shared Crane's justified conviction that he was a great man, and another, related but beside the point, that a first-class writer had a right to live on the same scale as the second-biggest brewer in Nottingham, Notts., or the best obstetrician in Tacoma, Washington. This shared heresy was so radical that not even the daredevil Crane dared express it, but it was implicit in his train of life. He did not say he was as good as a stockjobber, but he acted as if he thought he might be. He could hardly be blamed for wanting to live like a member of a profession that society took seriously. His mistake was thinking he could afford it.

Miss Gilkes' solo effort is the first extended account of Cora, born Howorth, in Boston, and married successively to men named Murphy and



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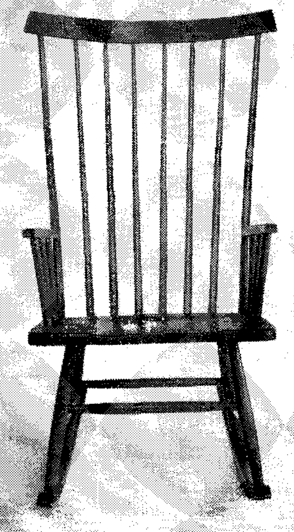

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Stewart, but known to the leading citizens of Jacksonville, Florida, as Cora Taylor. Crane met her in Jacksonville while that town was headquarters for the American filibustering expeditions that were continually setting off for Cuba to aid the rebels there against the legitimate, internationally recognized government, which was Spanish. The filibusters took along American arms and Cuban volunteers, as during an incident of more recent memory, and since their expeditions were semi-public—we have a long tradition of indiscretion in such affairs—Jacksonville was headquarters for the newspaper correspondents covering them. Cora was the *patronne* of a bagnio she called the Hotel de Dream. Since Stewart, from whom she was separated, would not divorce her, the Cranes could not formalize their union, but Stephen established her in England as his wife in 1897.

Crane left her the following year while he went to Cuba to cover the Spanish-American War, and when he rejoined her in England they leased—at a bargain rental, because the place was in such disrepair—a great rambling old country house called Brede Place, in Sussex, which they operated with a scratch staff of eccentric servants. Crane was broke, although the public thought that as the author of "The Red Badge," published three years earlier and already a classic, he was wealthy. He should have been, but he wasn't. American first-serial rights had brought him ninety dollars. The Cranes were, in effect, worse than broke. Cora had run up bills in England, and so they were seriously in debt, to the tune of nearly two hundred pounds—at the old rate of exchange, almost a thousand dollars. This, and not a patch on his lungs, was the first lesion of Crane's terminal disease. Leasing Brede, in the opinion of Crane's contemporaries, was asking for trouble. Cora, in excusing the Cranes' presumption, wrote to the critic Edward Garnett, "I hope that the perfect quiet of Brede Place and the freedom from a lot of dear, good people, who take his mind from his work, will let him show the world a book that will live." The dear, good people, as events turned out, followed Crane to Brede and sponged on him, for his public condition, in contrast to his private one, glittered. His comings and goings were chronicled in headlines. He was the ascendant literary star; the theory that he was already all through was not born until after his death. It was pure hindsight.

Crane was also the star war corre-

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spondent of Hearst's *Journal*, then in its most flamboyant period of self-advertisement, and Mr. Hearst was supposed to shower his stars with the wealth of the Homestake Mine. Crane had written that great book "The Red Badge"—and the critics had been right in calling it great—in 1893, when he was twenty-two, but it had not been published until 1895. The reverberations of its success were still in the air. When he was twenty-one, he had written "Maggie: a Girl of the Streets," which he published at his own expense and which had no sale at all. Brought out in 1896, after "The Red Badge's" triumph, "Maggie" had added to his fame. And, in the few years since, he had shown that he could grow. In stories like "The Blue Hotel," "The Bride Came to Yellow Sky," and "The Open Boat" he had written better than ever before. He had questionable lungs, but Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, a famous American specialist of the day, had examined him a year earlier and declared that his mild case of tuberculosis was arrested. Worry and work reactivated it, and at the end of a heartbreaking struggle of eighteen months to reduce his thousand-dollar debt by writing too much, he expired, owing five thousand dollars.

The disease, the bad doctors of the period, and the anxiety, acting synergetically, got him. The treatment for tuberculosis was so ineffective that even people without a worry in the world died of it in droves. The Duchess of Manchester lost two daughters to therapy; her experience made her, in the Cranes' circle, an authority on the disease. Crane, with his anxiety, was a pushover. Even a general practitioner could have killed him, but Cora exposed him to specialists. They aggravated the illness and increased his need of money, his efforts to get the money to pay them further aggravated the malady, and as he declined, his wife sent for increasingly costly consultants, who prescribed more outrageously destructive therapy. Had he in fact "burned himself out," as some of his literary biographers insist, or had he cared to die, he would have succumbed more rapidly. Only his will to survive and his tough baseball-player's constitution kept him alive.

The measure of his modest profligacy was that he liked to have a horse or two to ride. He had once written to a fan, "My idea of happiness is the saddle of a good riding horse." He also liked to have guests to dinner. And, like Herman Melville, he thought himself entitled to "the calm, the coolness, the silent grass-growing mood in which

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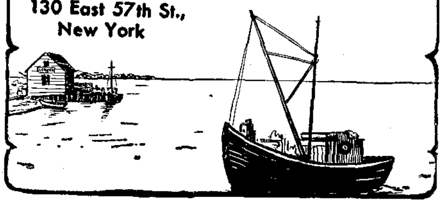

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a man *ought* always to compose." But he could not resign himself to acknowledging, with Melville, that "that, I fear, can seldom be mine." He had not learned, as Melville had, that he could not hope to earn as much money as a brewer or a solicitor. (At the top of his fame, Crane got three hundred dollars for "The Blue Hotel," and as the market went, that was a good price, while my own father, a furrier in New York, could get five hundred dollars for an Alaska-seal coat.) In this failure of imagination, Crane resembled other men made overconfident by great native ability, such as John Henry, the steel-driving man in the folk song, who set himself to outhammer a steam hammer, or Roland, in "The Song," who saw a million Saracens come into the vale and said, "I will strike a thousand and seven hundred blows with my good sword"—a computation that left him nine hundred ninety-eight thousand and three hundred short. The knack of arithmetic does not always go with a gift for the higher mathematics of the soul. Crane, like Roland, was a chivalric figure, and he could not count.

The letters reflect the progress of the uneven conflict—Crane against skewed values. (The consultant whose advice finished him off got two hundred and fifty dollars for coming down from London to dispatch him. Yet doctors are turned out of medical schools by the batch, while only one man has lived who could have written "The Blue Hotel.") There is still outward confidence in Crane's letter of February 16, 1899, to his London agent, James B. Pinker, although it contains evidence that he could hear footsteps behind him:

> DEAR PINKER:
> I send you a rattling good war story—I think 5330 words. Please send me a chequce [*sic*] for £40 so that I will get it on Sunday morning. [He was already financing by the day.] . . . How am I going? Strong?

By February 19th, he had done another story, but the situation had deteriorated:

> DEAR PINKER:
> I am mailing you at this time a whacking good Whilomville story—4000 words—and I am agitatedly wiring you at the same time. . . . I must have altogether within the next ten days £150, no less, as the Irish say. But, by the same token, I am going to earn it. . . . £40 of my £150 have I done yesterday and today, but for all your gods, help me or I perish.

Translated into statistics, this meant that Crane had sent up on February 16th a story potentially worth fifty-three pounds—he usually got ten pounds, or fifty dollars, for a thousand words. Si-

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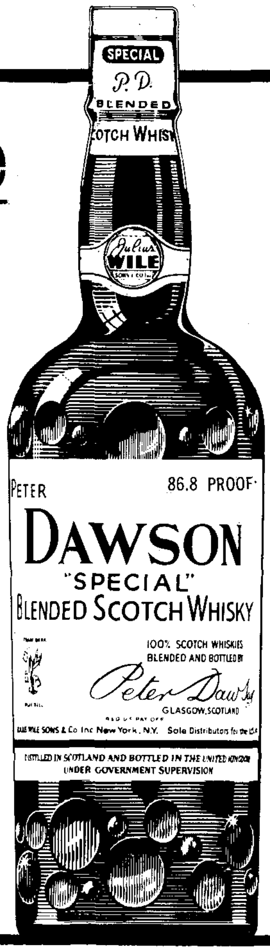
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multaneously, he had wired for an advance of forty. This would leave him, after Pinker sold the story and deducted his commission (five pounds six shillings), about seven pounds to the good. With the second letter, he sent on a story worth forty, but requested an advance of a hundred and fifty. He was consequently at least a hundred and three pounds farther behind than when he started writing the first story. But since he had written the forty-pound story in two days (he did not count the days of gestation that must have preceded writing), he flattered himself that, if he buckled down to work, he could do a forty-pound story *every* two days, and in ten days catch up with the deficit, except for what he might have to borrow to live the ten days. He knew, although he refused to admit it to himself, that while a man may write a story in two days, or even in one, the writing is only the final stage of production. It is impossible to maintain such a pace over any considerable period. His optimism, therefore, was a typical example of a writer's gift for economic self-delusion.

The Whilomville stories, about small boys, were an inferior Crane sideline, but he could write them easily, and there was a steady market for them in America. As he fell farther behind, he concentrated on the pieces that were easiest to produce, and as the sickness gained on him he produced them with more difficulty. There was no more time for "Blue Hotels," for which three years intervened between germ and finished tale. The space rate was about the same for quick job or masterpiece. What the editors wanted was his byline. There was a far larger market in 1899 than today for magazine fiction addressed to the general reader, and a less clear dividing line between art writing and slick writing. Crane worked in both specialties, and sometimes forgot which side of the line he was on, or pretended to. Here, as in his money life, self-deception was a necessity. But he was like a man in a sandpit, who with each struggle to get out brings more earth tumbling down upon him.

Cora's business background had not fitted her to run an author. She believed with all her heart, which was as big as an outsize grapefruit, that Crane sold something harder to come by than her merchandise at the Hotel de Dream. Cora was more than a literary buff; she had an eye for good writing and was modest enough to know that good writing was hard. "I am of the opinion that it is criminal for people to write who know nothing about it," she said. Since

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she so highly esteemed Crane's product, she could not credit its low market value. When she was told that any girl at the Hotel de Dream could outearn the comet of the literary firmament, it made her incredulous as well as indignant. She urged Crane's stories—written, about to be written, and barely foreshadowed in the writer's mind—on poor Pinker. On one of the rare occasions when Crane got a rejection, she wrote:

> I cannot understand what can be the reason for the English publishers refusing such stuff as those children stories and "God Rest Ye." They seem to fancy themselves as judges of literature but to me they seem to be a good set of idiots to refuse really clever and artistic stuff and print the rot they do.

The tempo rises. Cora writes to Pinker that Crane has sixty-seven thousand words on a novel, but

> is going to run very short. He has a wine dealer who threatens to serve papers tomorrow, if his bill for £35 is not paid at once (today).... This has nothing to do with my former request for £20.... Of course I don't know how Mr. Crane's account stands with you.

But she could dolefully guess.

Cora's letters to Pinker become more frequent than Crane's; he is too busy trying to write the Cranes out of the hole. The letters show that Pinker was an angel among agents. He let the Cranes get into him for two hundred and thirty pounds, a vast sum in the literary world. Pinker sold a stupendous number of the words Crane wrote, and even of those he contracted to write. (Crane was fluent to the end, writing in his bed when he was too weak to sit up, although the force of the tide diminished as he sank and his need became more acute.) The insuperable difficulty was the gap between the prices, which were scaled to support writers in lodging-houses, and Crane's American inner need to keep up a prosperous front. He complained constantly about the "Comanche braves" who descended uninvited upon Brede in platoons—Americans unknown to him or, at best, acquaintances of acquaintances—but he turned none away. He had a double American fear—that he might be thought to have a swelled head or no money.

THE editors of the "Letters" have provided excellent footnotes identifying Crane's correspondents and references in the text, in addition to a running argument that serves to string the years on the fraying thread of the young man's life. From the arrival at Brede, though, the letters mesh so tightly that

The further it recedes into the enriching haze of time, the more intolerably delicious the charm of it and the sheer joy of it and the glory and the majesty and solemnity and pathos of it grow.... There are mountains and mountains and mountains in this world, but only these take you by the heartstrings. I wonder what the secret of it is. Well, time and again it has seemed to me that I must drop everything and flee to Switzerland once more. It is a longing—a deep, strong, tugging longing—that is the word. We must go there again....."

Mark Twain

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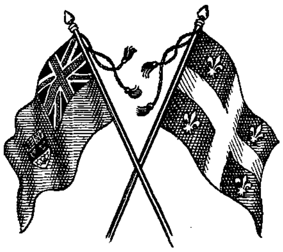

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they need no exposition. The editors' auxiliary narrative becomes a distraction, like the ice-cream vender's bugle outside the courtroom in "The Stranger." "Mesh" is an appropriate verb, for the story, deadly as a net, is, netlike, intersticed with light. Here are the letters, and the good times they tell about—of H. G. Wells and Henry James and Joseph and Jessie Conrad and some writers, charming people, who would be lost to the world forever if they had not been associated with Crane and these others. Some of the nicest writers are those who don't write very well. Like stable ponies, they serve the purpose of keeping the racers company, and as their rewards in Heaven they receive small bags of sifted footnotes.

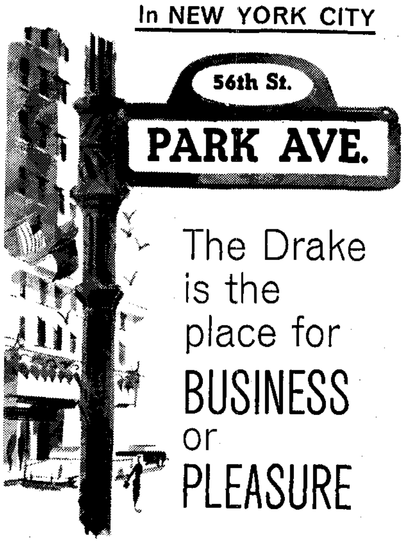
The letters indicate that Crane now began to realize the scrape he was in, but there was no quit in him. He may have remembered that when his Open Boat capsized in 1896 and he swam toward land, an offshore current held him until he thought he would die. But he kept on swimming, the current unexpectedly set him free, and he lived to write a great story about his escape. A note he sent to Mark Barr, a fellow-expatriate, in September, 1899, however, shows that by then he had a clear premonition. Crane wrote to congratulate the Barrs on the birth of a son, Philip, for whom, he said, he had ordered "a cheap mug—from me to him":

> Anyhow, it is all the boy now. The boy! May the time-of-his-life rock him gently in ease and may the cradle spill only enough to give him those shocks which inform men, inform men that everything is already well-combined for their destruction and that the simple honest defeated man is often a gentleman.
>
> Rubbish—Salute for me our dear Mabel. Yours ever, my dear boy.
>
> S. CRANE

(I saw Philip Barr in a restaurant on Fifth Avenue the day I wrote this. He tells me that someone long ago stole the mug.)

A creature of another culture, an Elizabethan or a Regency gent, would have a hard time understanding why the Cranes did not slip their cables. It would have been wiser even from the point of view of their creditors if they had abandoned Brede. With a few months of complete rest, body and mind lying equally fallow, Crane might have recovered his health and his form, in which case he would have attacked the accumulated debts. His compulsion would have forced him to it. Melville, finding himself in a similar cul-de-sac, had solved *his* problem by abjuring

In NEW YORK CITY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writing. Consequently, he had managed to die solvent, and at the expense to posterity of only nineteen years' production. "Dollars damn me!" old Ishmael had written to Hawthorne in 1851, after a week spent trying to get in the potatoes at Arrowhead while he finished "Moby Dick" and to finish "Moby Dick" while he got in the potatoes. Harper's had refused him an advance; they reminded him that he already owed them $695.65 on the last one. Melville had been forced to borrow, at nine per cent, to keep going. The book about the whale was only passably successful. It is noted in Jay Leyda's "Melville Log" that a year later the author still owed Harper's $145.83. Melville, therefore, after a few more years of feckless struggle, took refuge in a job at the New York Customs House, at four dollars a day. This was more than a fairly distinguished author could count on earning regularly by his pen. He had three children, and Mrs. Melville, his bourgeois wife, was no Cora Taylor.

The fear of bankruptcy haunted the Melvilles all their lives; Herman's father had died bankrupt, of a "brain fever" syncope. Herman's elder brother, trying to revive the family fortunes, had gone bankrupt, too, and his mother's self-pitying letters, preserved by Mr. Leyda, allow us to imagine how deeply she must have impressed the horrors of their situation on her children. A convincing thesis could be written to prove that the fear of bankruptcy is the most potent American trauma, and was the most influential factor in the settlement of the continent. Fleeing their creditors, pioneers exterminated the Indians. Those who stayed solvent remained in place until the next panic. Crane, a cockier type and happier in his choice of a spouse than Melville, continued the enterprise of authorship. He was like Patsy Tulligan, a character in one of his own Bowery tales who had a misunderstanding with a Cuban exile in a Sixth Avenue café and was challenged to a duel with swords. Patsy had never seen a sword, but he acceded. "I'll fight wid anyt'ing," he said. "I'll fight yeh wid a knife an' fork." Crane had written, "Patsy was not as wise as seven owls, but his courage could throw a shadow as long as the steeple of a cathedral."

The Cranes might have given up if their doctors had told them that he must surely die if he did not rest. Instead, the medicos encouraged, or at least tolerated, his notion of writing until he could afford a long journey to a curative climate. Rest and antibiotics are the basis of treatment now, doctors tell

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me. In the absence of antibiotics, rest was even more essential then. Curative climates are an exploded legend; Crane would have been as well off in Sussex as anywhere. By sending their depleted patients on long, exhausting trips, the lung doctors of the time advanced the dates of their extinction, and if the consumptives survived the voyage itself, the sanatoriums finished them off by exposure to cold. (I know a lung man who says that he rereads "The Magic Mountain" every year to remind himself of what not to do to a patient under any circumstances.)

But the deterrent that I think would have held Crane in place, even if he had had proper advice, was shame. To "put up a front" and then be unable to pay the bill—to be denounced therefore as a fourflusher or dead beat—would have been for him complete ignominy. Insolvency was the hardest sin to confess, and still is in our civilization. Western man can easily joke about most sins, but not debt. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" strikes the subliminal keynote; "debt" is the test question even for God. To forgive *it* is divine, and nobody truly expects that mortals will. Late-Victorian England, dominated by Gladstones and Chamberlains and nice Nellies of every description, had come full circle from the Regency days, when debt and venereal disease were alike considered benign afflictions that supported one's claim to being a gentleman. The worse a man bit his creditors—as John Mytton and Mytton's biographer Nimrod both did, by skipping to Calais—the better the unbitten public liked him. Thackeray's novels display an intermediate stage of feeling. In them, debt is cause for pity. Later it inspired loathing.

Also, Crane's life in England afforded him great satisfaction. He remained outwardly the Golden Boy, or visiting star, in an environment vastly more complex and sophisticated than he had known in America. His friends included Wells and James and Garnett, George Gissing, and, above all, Conrad. In England, too, the upper classes associated more freely with this upper crust of bohemia than in New York. Few peers were as stiff as their American fathers-in-law. The young man who had slept three-in-a-bed with friends over the Art Students League only a few years earlier was sensible to the gracious life, although, as we shall see, he eyed it hard. The writers were of a higher calibre than the Elbert Hubbards, the Hamlin Garlands, and the William Dean Howellses, who were

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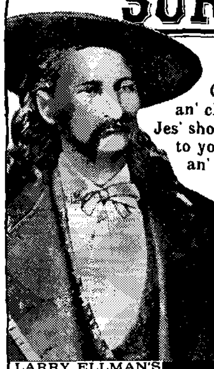

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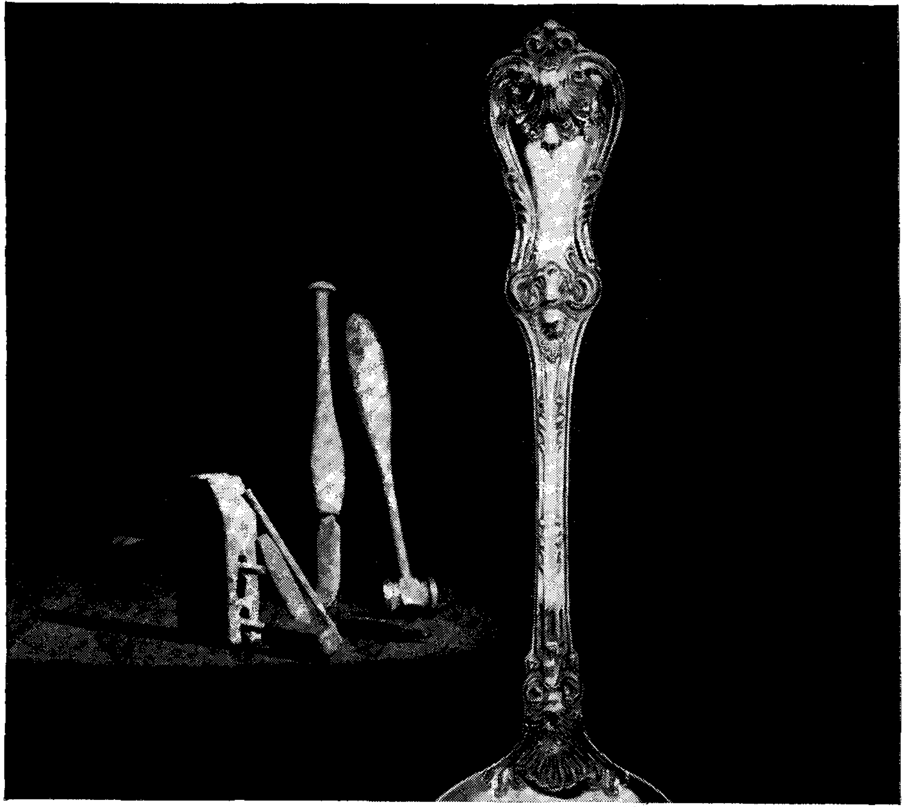
Crane must have found it hard to contemplate leaving all this—especially Conrad, the writer most like him, with whom he delighted to talk about their work. Naturally, he wrote to no one that he was considering a bolt, but at the beginning of 1900, when he was sicker than ever before, he may have thought of it. His friend Robert Barr (no kin to Mark and Philip) reported in a letter to a third party that Crane had said he had booked steamship passage for February 1st. As a rationalization, perhaps, Crane had added that the British press had offended him by loose rumors about his parties at Brede. He announced, according to Barr, that he would take Cora to Texas, buy a ranch, and live in the open air. If he had got there and reached a porch hammock, he might have made it. "But if Crane ever seriously intended leaving England then," Professor Stallman and Miss Gilkes note, "Alfred Plant, the solicitor, must have been the one to nip any such plan. Plant could hardly have failed to point out that Crane would lay himself open to the charge of running out on his creditors if he left the country then." The taboo had its usual effect, and Crane remained at Brede, where, two full months later, on March 31st, he suffered a series of severe hemorrhages that sewed up the game for anxiety and the doctors. In February, he was still mobile. The hemorrhages flattened him. Abed, he continued to try to write.

Cora, distraught, went up to London and appealed to the American Embassy for help—the forlorn hope of an expatriate when all else has failed. The Embassy was moved by the plight of a great American author. It is an oddity of Crane's case that even the Embassy knew he *was* a great author, and so assumed him prosperous. It sought out the leading chest specialist in London and sent him down to Brede, at the Cranes' expense. He was the fellow who got the two hundred and fifty dollars, and he insisted that his consultation be prepaid. Cora gave him an uncovered check, and then dispatched another frantic note to Pinker to deposit the sum at the bank ere it bounce. This un-socialized croaker told Cora that to save Stephen's life she must drag him off to the Black Forest. There were neither airplanes nor automobiles to smooth the journey, so Crane had to be placed on an "air bed" (a pneumatic mattress) and joggled off by carriage to a country railway station, carried by train to London and then to Dover

FRANK SMITH STERLING



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(where he arrived so exhausted that he had to rest a week before continuing), then ferried across the Channel, carried by train half across Europe to Basel, and moved by rail again to Badenweiler, an environment in no way more favorable than Brede. I am informed that the portage thus imposed was enough to shorten his life by at least three months.

Besides being lethal, the consultant's advice was as binding as a priest's injunction on a Mexican Indian mother to carry a child to a miraculous shrine. Cora begged, badgered, borrowed. Conrad, Crane's best friend among writers, wrote to Cora regretfully:

> The daily subsistence is a matter of anxious thought for me . . . I am already in debt to two publishers, in arrears with my work, and know no one who could be of the slightest use. . . . My future, such as it is, is already pawned.

Conrad, fourteen years older than Crane, survived him by twenty-four. He had had no early success to trick him into overconfidence.

Cora's caravan, made possible by the money she had scraped up, consisted of a doctor and two nurses, Crane's niece Helen, Cora, the sick man, and his favorite dog. Mrs. Conrad reported that at Dover Cora often went without meals to save money. They arrived at Badenweiler on May 28th. On June 5th, he died. Cora brought the body back to England and then to the United States, where it was buried in the Crane family plot at Hillside, New Jersey. (Crane was born in Newark, a New Yorker *manqué* by a few miles.) After that, the lovers' paths diverged. Crane has had a long and accidented posthumous career, but public opinion expunged Cora from it until Miss Gilkes restored her.

MRS. MARK BARR, the Mabel of the note about Philip, was the latest-surviving person I knew who had frequented the Cranes in England. She died in 1955, and to the end of her life, she resented aspersions on Cora. "Rubbish," she would say. "Cora Crane was a perfect lady." Since Mrs. Barr herself was a great lady, Cora must have been the goods. Her charm for the British aristocracy survived Stephen. From a letter of a young woman of fashion in London written the year following his death, Miss Gilkes quotes this passage:

> I began to hear a familiar voice at the next table. And, lo, there was Mrs. Crane in a black lace frock with Lady Randolph Churchill and some young men. . . . When she recognized me she ran over to our

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table and made a lovely American fuss. I had lunch with her several times. . . .

Miss Gilkes adds, "Years later, when Vere [the young woman] knew all the gossip, she wrote: 'I do not know how she lived and do not care. She was "on the level." She was plucky and gay and kind.' "

But this did not help. Cora returned to London to salvage the odds and ends of Crane's literary estate. The principal care was to arrange for the completion of an unfinished novel, and a bad one—"The O'Ruddy." But since there had been no marriage, she had no dower rights, and Crane had left a will so ambiguous that she could get nothing. She went back to the United States broke, although equipped with a letter to Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt, who, when he was Police Commissioner of New York, had been a chum of Stephen's. Roosevelt could find nothing for her in Washington. So she returned to Jacksonville in 1902, put the arm on a number of her old customers for capital, built a new house on the Row, and soon was rolling in a carriage of her own again. Miss Gilkes observes, sentimentally, at the apex of Cora's woes, "Now Cinderella was back in the kitchen, the Prince lay dead under a stone in the cemetery of his people, and Cora found herself, all of a sudden, a woman with neither marital nor social status. And no longer young." (Miss Gilkes researches a lot better than she writes.) But Cinderella knew how to turn pumpkins back into coaches fast.

Her style changed with her milieu. The rest of her life resembled "Sanctuary" more than a novel by Henry James. Prosperous again, she took up with a bartender twenty years her junior, married him (by now Stewart was dead), and then had to throw him out because he was a mean drunk. The bartender heard he had a successor in her favor, a boy of nineteen. He met Cora's carriage on a dusty road in the hot sun. The boy was in it, along with Cora and her housekeeper. The bartender shot him dead. He pleaded self-defense, although the victim was unarmed. Cora could not, even if she had wished to, testify against her husband, but the housekeeper displayed a prudish streak. She told the coroner a story that, if repeated at the trial, might result in conviction. As a reward for *not* testifying, Cora offered to take her employee on a junket to England, so that she would be out of reach of subpoena until the trial was over. And so, in a more secure financial position than she had ever enjoyed as Mrs. Stephen

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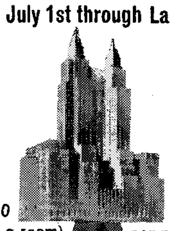

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Crane, Cora returned again to the scene of her life with him, visited the Conrads and the Wellses and left a card for James, who had heard about her and ducked. She went motoring in Ireland, a novelty (the car broke down), and arrived back in Jacksonville with the housekeeper a few days after the acquittal. The bartender then divorced her—to marry a woman who shot *him*—and she adopted as house pet an alcoholic real-estate man of good family. It was her last emotional investment. She died in 1910, aged forty-five. She was certainly the least boring author's mate in American literary history, and I can think of only Scarron, in France, who had one in her class.

CRANE's disembodied fortunes, meanwhile, were at their nadir. Critics, like sportswriters, have a special idiom tangential to ordinary English. "To discover," for example, means "to write about when nobody else has recently." Thus, in 1952, when Crane had been adrift for more than half a century, Professor Stallman himself wrote, in his foreword to "Stephen Crane: An Omnibus," "Crane has been discovered twice since he died, in 1900—more than any other American author except Henry James." (James is in and out as frequently as a drunk caught in a revolving door.) An author not discovered for six months or more is known, in the same odd lingo, as "forgotten." Nineteen-ten, the year of Cora's death, fell midway between Crane's death and his first professionally accredited discovery, by Thomas Beer, in 1923. (He was being industriously read and personally remembered, but that doesn't count with the professionals. He was also posthumously teaching a number of young men who found him on the shelves of public libraries to write.)

Crane's American contemporaries of note, all of them his seniors, had celebrated his departure with a round of qualified praise, modified by regret that he had not "fulfilled his early promise." By this they could only have meant, if they were objective, that he had failed to show any advance between the ages of twenty-eight and twenty-nine and a half, while he fought the Battle of Brede. But they had in fact resented both his quick rise and his abandonment of them for faster company. The British had been his "discoverers" while he was alive. "The Red Badge" had been received in America with the equivalent of a pat on the head for an exceptional child. The crashing acclaim of the British critics, who constituted a higher

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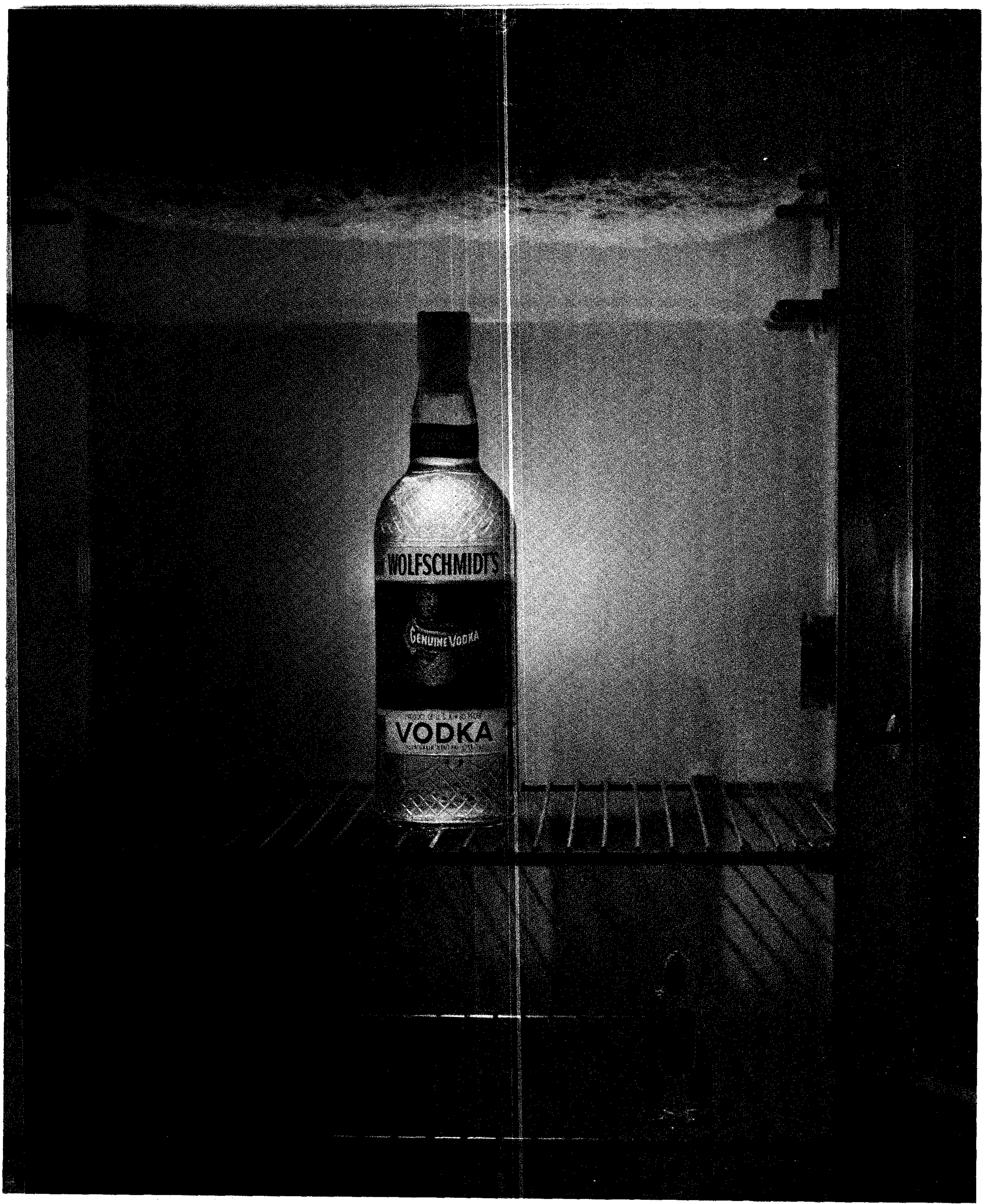

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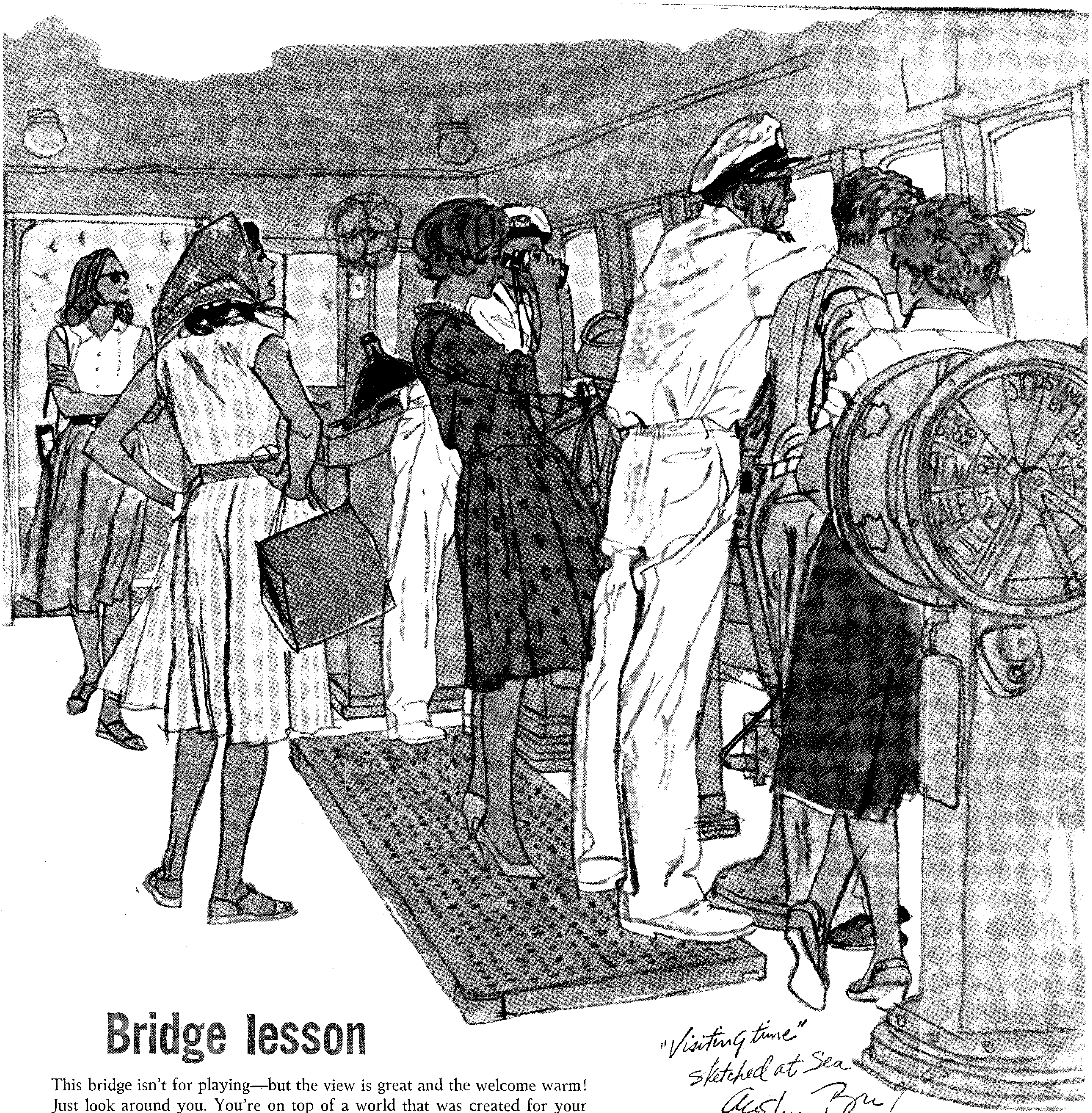

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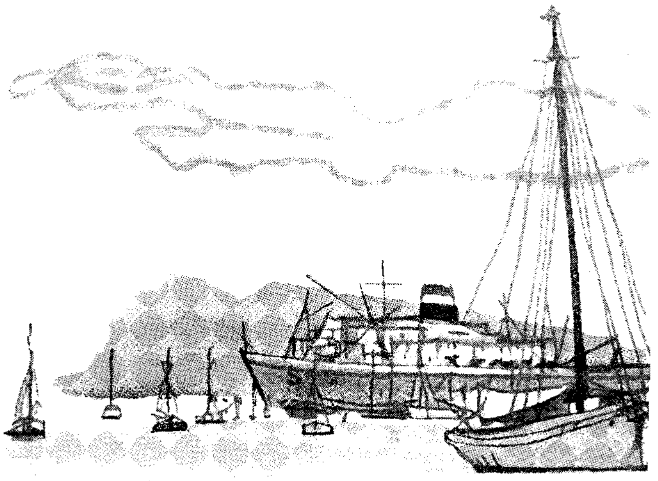

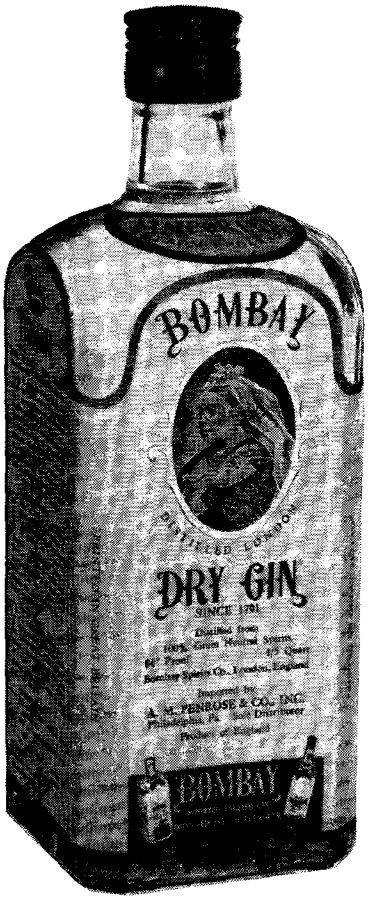

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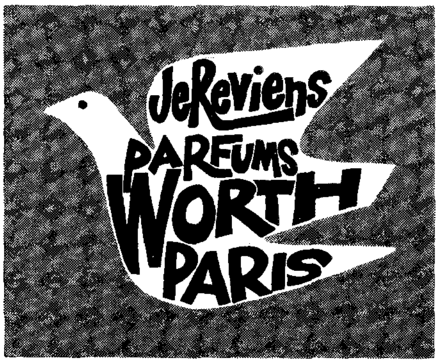

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court, had promoted him over the heads of his older compatriots, who never forgave him. Accordingly, they gave him a headstone marked "F.I.P.," for "Flash in Pan," and congratulated themselves on their prescience. "After Crane's death at twenty-eight in 1900, his reputation disintegrated rapidly," John Berryman, a fairly late and Freudian Crane discoverer, wrote in 1950, in his critical biography "Stephen Crane."

The run-of-the-mill critic is a Linnaean; he likes to pop his specimens into plainly labelled phials, and Crane, genus Doomed Genius, went into the one labelled "Edgar Allan Poe." Because of the brief span between his late birth, in 1871, and his early death, in 1900, he became the least in focus of American masters, like a man seen through binocular lenses with one set for short distance and the other for long. He was born in the same year as Theodore Dreiser and Samuel Hopkins Adams, his contemporaries on Park Row, who survived him by forty-five and fifty-eight years, respectively. But he has been dead longer than Tolstoy or Ibsen and almost as long as Melville himself, who was born in 1819. Because of Crane's youth, much of the writing about him has a patronizing tone, as if he were eternally junior to discoverers born from ten to twenty years after his death. It has become standard procedure to reproach him for his limitations—although death allowed him little time in which to explore his limits—and to demand why he accomplished so little, although he accomplished a prodigious amount for his age. His legacy of viable masterwork is more considerable than those combined of all the provincial *petits-maîtres* who condemned him when he died. Beer, a slick-fiction writer turned informal (another way of saying careless) biographer, picked up and continued the pair of unfounded suppositions—that Crane was "unfulfilled" and that it didn't matter, because he lacked the capacity to improve. Beer was sympathetic, in the sloppy fashion of the early twenties. He made Crane a romantic figure, like Dick Diver.

Reforgotten, Crane drifted, a sitting duck for the new, Freudian-critical rediscovery. (The reason that a man doesn't write more than he does is that he never wanted to write more than he did. If he dies before he does, it proves that he didn't.) John Berryman said in his biography of Crane that he had an obsessive interest in women older than himself that gravely affected his sub-

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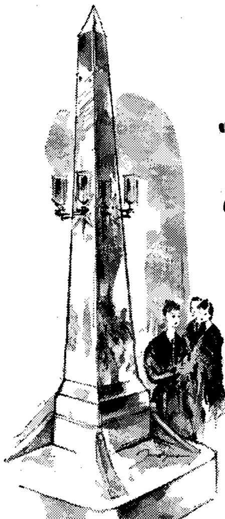

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liminal retrospective intentions toward his mother, and an interest in horses that showed him pregnant with violence, of which the horse is a symbol. It had not occurred to Berryman that a man whose "idea of happiness" is a saddle might just like horses, or that if a man is much with horses, rides horses, covets horses, and thinks a good deal about horses, a high percentage of the images in his prose and verse are likely to be horse images. Or that most very young men spend a lot of time thinking about women older than they are, because the women younger than they are are still children. This is a circumstance that the years rectify; at forty, had he lived so long, Crane might have preferred women of twenty-five, and, at fifty, women of twenty. When he left America with Cora, in 1897, he was twenty-six and she thirty-two. (She said, incidentally, that she was twenty-nine.) This is scarcely a monstrous discrepancy.

Freudian criticism reaches full frenzy in Berryman's assertion that when Crane, in an unpublished play, called a mythical city in China Yen Hok—it was a humorous play—he was still dominated by the horse cult. "Hock," Berryman reminds the reader, means a "horse's ankle"—violence again. "Now Crane had already written the story of a dying dope fiend named 'Yen-Nock Bill.' . . . Nothing just like these names have I found; Crane evidently invented them." Here I suspected, when I first read it (and I still suspect, but only faintly, because Berryman is for the rest so serious), that the annotator was having us on. "Yen hok," "yen hock," and "yen nock" are variant phonetic spellings of the Chinese—or at least of the Chinatown—word for "opium pipe," used with self-conscious knowingness by police reporters of Crane's era when they wrote of tong wars. Crane was a reporter and wrote about opium for the *Sun* and *Journal*, as Berryman knew when he detected the symbolism in "Yen-Nock." Can he possibly have missed Crane's attempt at a burlesque dateline ("Opium Pipe, China") or have failed to dig "Opium-Pipe Bill" as a pseudonym for "hophead"? The "hock" in "yen hock" has no more to do with a horse than the "hock" in a Rhine-wine bottle. Again, when Berryman notes, with the air of a discoverer, that another character in the Yen-Nock Bill story is named Swift Doyer, and that a swift is a bird (also an adjective and a brand of bacon), which, it seems, has even direr significance than a horse, it appears that he does not know that Doyers Street is one of the three thor-

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oughfares of New York Chinatown (Mott and Pell are the others), and that because of its indirection it gave rise to the old New York gag description of a dishonest fellow: "As crooked as Doyers Street." Swift Doyer, then, is as obviously a joke name as Yen Hock, or Yen-Nock Bill.

"Sadism grinds strong in Crane's work," Berryman writes, "and its counterpart, masochism, does." He explained that Crane's overt bravery betrayed his inner fear (just as, to the initiate, abject cowardice reveals inner security, because it is not afraid of ridicule). "Death ends the terrible excitement under which he is bound to live—death is a way out, a rescue." *Bref*, Crane scared himself to death.

"Crane wasted his genius," Professor Stallman wrote nine years ago. "What killed Crane was . . . his own will to burn himself out, his Byronic craving to make his body 'a testing ground for all the sensations of life.'" Stallman adds, like a sensible uncle, "He could have retreated from life to calculate it at a distance, as Hawthorne and James did. Instead, he got as close to life as possible." *Bref*, Crane died because he neglected to put on his overshoes—a truly academic mode of suicide. Professor Stallman, incidentally, in his otherwise valuable "Omnibus," descants interminably on the benefits, for an author, of personal inexperience. To describe well, he implies, nothing is so essential as not to have seen. Stallman would have made a great foreign-news editor for Hearst or Luce. "Was there any need for Crane to experience a blizzard in order to write 'Men in the Storm'? Would not an imaginary rather than an actual blizzard have served just as well, the germinal idea of the story being a *symbolic* storm?" or, again, "The locality of 'The Blue Hotel' has symbolic import and could have been painted with no first-hand knowledge of it. . . . The fight that he witnessed and tried to stop during an incident in Lincoln, Nebraska, became the fight depicted in 'The Blue Hotel,' but the germinal idea for the story might just as well have had a literary source." (The heresy of the monks—good wine from a second pressing.) For a clincher, he advances the argument that "Crane reproduced the immediacies of battle in 'The Red Badge of Courage' long before he had seen and suffered actual shellfire." This is to argue that if a man can tie his shoelaces with one hand he couldn't do it better and faster and more easily with two. Also, it ignores a number of special factors. The North swarmed with Grand Army men dur-

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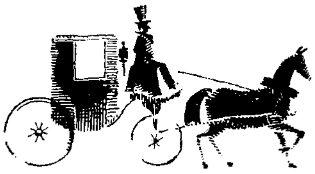

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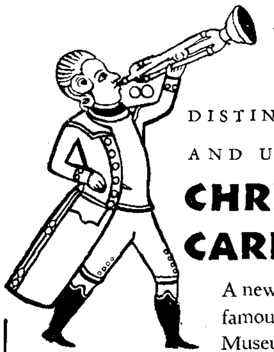

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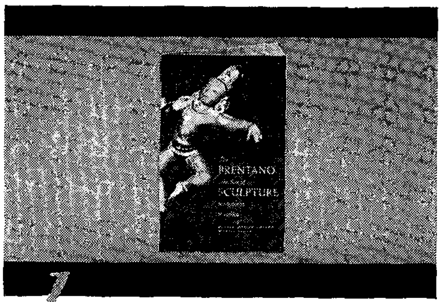

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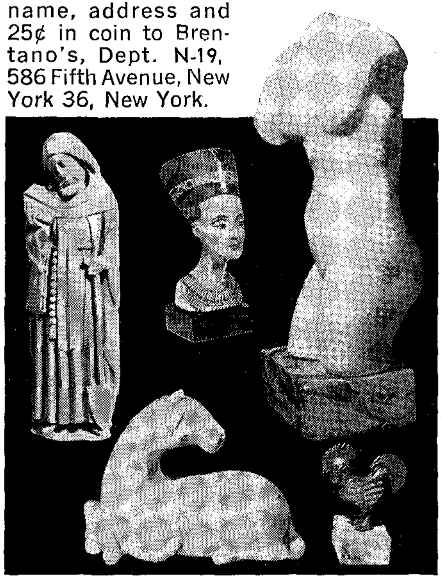

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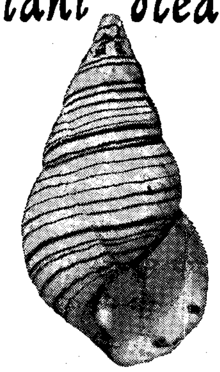
ing Crane's boyhood in small Jersey and upstate towns—roughly from 1880 to 1890—and they were not the graybeards I remember from my small-boyhood, circa 1910, but active citizens, of the age of Second World War veterans now. Most must have been eager to talk, and boys must have been their most willing listeners. Dialogue, personal details, mood are therefore neither imagined nor "from literary sources." The reporter listened. Men talk, moreover, more freely of war, a shared adventure, than of more intimate things; Crane would not have had the same luck if he had asked them about their wives. War, too, is the most fully documented of human activities, and the Civil War is the most redundantly documented of wars. It is a fair bet that the bookcases of the Reverend Mr. Crane and all the families the Cranes knew bulged with sets of bound volumes of *Harper's* and *Leslie's*, and probably of the *Tribune* or the *Times*, and with volumes of war memoirs. These all contained first-hand reporters' reporting; they have since become the sources of the sources of our factual Civil War books.

Most important, Crane did not "reproduce the immediacies of battle;" he made a patterned, a rhetorical, war such as never existed, to test the heart of his hero. The readers who wasted their admiration on his backdrop were the ones who raved over the scenery in David Belasco's productions of Civil War plays—"so natural you would have thought it was real"—and who bought paintings because the Spanish dancers' mantillas made you think that if you touched them they would feel like lace. The luxurious detail was a concession to the only taste, besides his own, that Crane knew then. It is extraneous to the true merit of the book, which is about a boy in a dragon's wood, and timeless. After Crane had seen war, he drew more sparingly, as in "The Upturned Face." He could, I suppose, have later worked up other vicarious subjects as convincingly, except that he never again had ten years to spare.

To bolster his "Red Badge" line, Stallman invokes the testimony of Harold Frederic, who, "discussing this question in his *Times* article on Crane, pointed out *why* it is that the best accounts of battle have been written by novelists who never saw warfare, and the least realistic accounts by trained correspondents who were on the spot." Neither Stallman nor Frederic names his novelists. Stendhal, whose first chapter of "La Chartreuse de Parme" is

Instant ocean..



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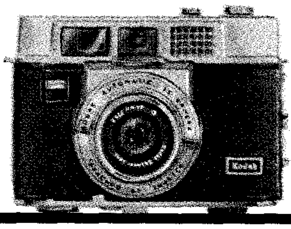

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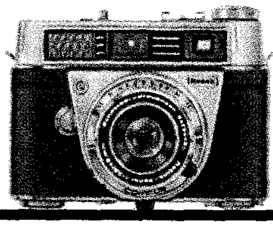

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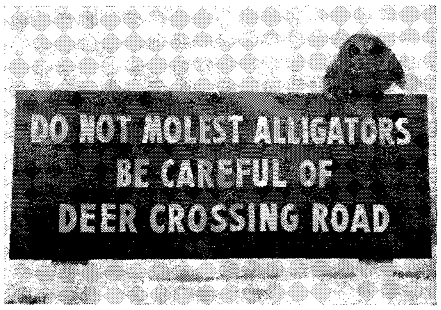

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one "best account," saw war in Germany and Russia under the most illustrious of captains. Tolstoy, when he wrote "War and Peace," had behind him the experience of the Crimean War, which he reported factually in "Sevastopol," and of the Russian campaigns against tribesmen in the Caucasus. The English novelists who wrote so well of the First World War—Siegfried Sassoon, Richard Aldington, and Robert Graves—all had their personal bellies full of it, in the front line. Preëminent among eyewitness-participants' accounts of battle in the Civil War were those of John William De Forest, a novelist *and* a captain in the Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers, first published in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* from 1864 to 1868—"The First Time Under Fire," "Forced Marches," "Fort Hudson," "Sheridan's Victory of the Opequon," and "The Battle of Cedar Creek." In 1946, all were published again, with other articles by De Forest, as "A Volunteer's Adventures." (I have never ceased to wonder, since reading them in their book form, whether the boy Crane saw them in *Harper's*.) In "The First Time Under Fire," a regiment, rather than one soldier, is the protagonist; the narrator, De Forest, is older and surer of himself than Crane's boy. In "Cedar Creek" the battle is won and lost, as in "The Red Badge."

I can see no merit, then, in the notion that observation is useless, or that Crane, because he had once, laboriously and against his will, dispensed with it, did not gain from experience. His steady and rapid "development" as a man is clear through the curve of the letters. The callow kid who shyly presented himself to Garland and the hardly-better-than-Garland Howells in the first years of the nineties, thinking them the real thing, would have been incapable of the equal-to-equal discussions with Conrad five years later. There was a full lifetime of experience between the youngster, his first victories already behind him, who started West for his first long journey in 1895 and the hardened adventurer who turned up at Brede four years later. Most of all, perhaps, Cora, his grown-up partner, represented an advance over the Asbury Park summer widows to whom in 1890 he addressed his long, self-explicatory screeds—flashes of young genius mixed with swatches of pure Willie Baxter. Crane at Brede had grown. What he needed, and should not be discounted for not having had, was time to think over what he had learned. Had he escaped the trap at Brede, he would have taken with

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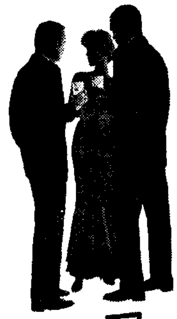

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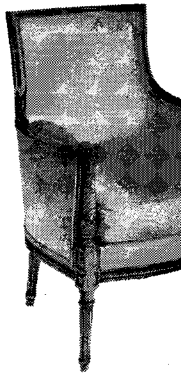

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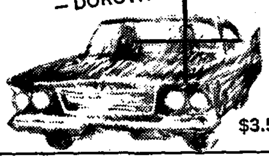

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England was his first experience of a civilized society. In America, he had been by turns a college freshman (one semester at Lafayette, another at Syracuse), a hallroom boy, and a newspaper reporter. Because of his fame, he entered the London literary world—at a point where it merged with the nobs'—as an equal at an age when other young men would still have been held at its fringes. He brought to it an eye less reverent than Henry James's and better supplied with material for comparison—the Bowery, Mexico, the Plains, real war, and the relation of society, through the police, to the low classes. When I was a beginning reporter, the city had plenty of newspapermen who had worked with Crane and of senior detectives who hated his memory. He had intervened publicly in favor of some street girls who were being shaken down by plainclothesmen. This marked him indelibly, in the cop mind, as one subversive of public order.

The letters reveal early insights. From one to James Gibbons Huneker, in 1897, for example:

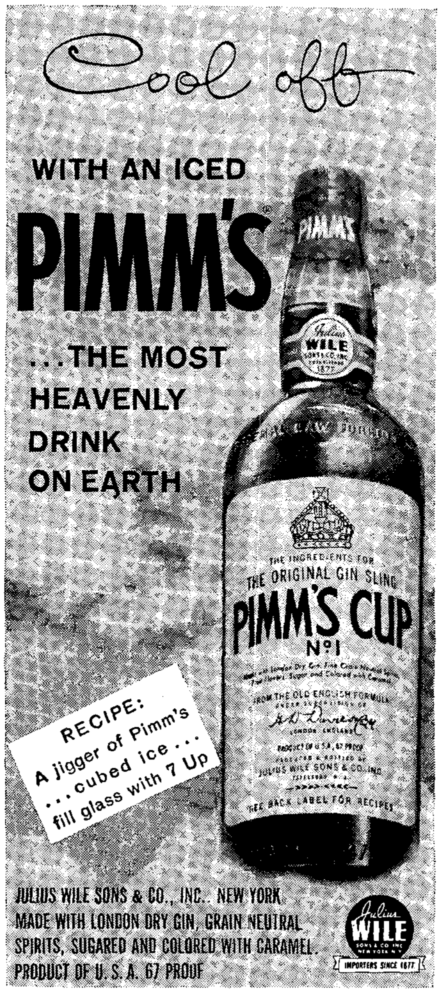
> You Indians have been wasting wind in telling me how "Unintrusive" and "DELICATE" I would find English manners. I don't. It has not yet been the habit of people I meet at Mr. Howells or Mr. Phillips or Mrs. Sonntag's [in New York] to let fall my hand and begin to quickly ask me how much money I make and from which French realist I shall steal my next book.

This was a good beginning, and Crane had other insights ahead of his time; Oscar Wilde, he reported, was "a mildewed chump. He has a disease and they all gas about him as though there was a hell and he came up out of it."

Of James's attitude toward the same milieu, Harold Frederic, the author of "The Damnation of Theron Ware," had written to Crane in 1898, "Henry James is an effeminate old donkey who lives with a herd of other donkeys around him and insists on being treated as if he were the Pope. He has licked dust from the floor of every third-rate hostess in England." Crane, as perceptive, but kinder, wrote:

> I agree with you that Mr. James has ridiculous traits and lately I have seen him make a holy show of himself in a situation that—on my honor—would have been simple to an ordinary man. But it seems impossible to dislike him. He is so kind to everybody.

CRANE might not have survived long in Texas; Robert Barr, in the letter in which he reported Crane's plan, wrote, "He may last two years but



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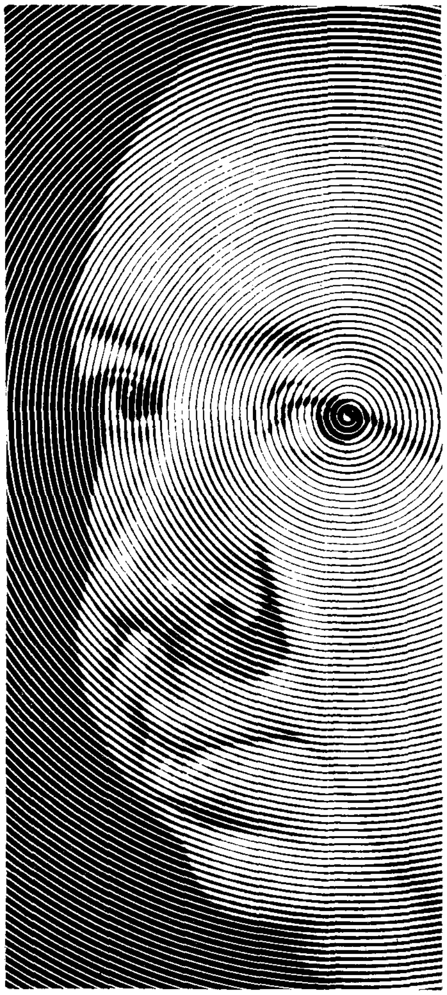
I cannot bring myself to hope more than that." This is not conclusive. Lay prognoses were as fallible as those of doctors; the chief difference was that they were free. Crane had been a tough, muscular youth—a varsity baseball player in college, although he weighed but a hundred and twenty pounds. "Small, sallow and inclined to stoop, but sinewy and athletic for all that . . . a capital catcher of curved balls," Garland wrote of Crane when they first met. He was the best player at Syracuse, and although he was there for only one semester he was elected captain of the team. The adventure of "The Open Boat" demonstrated what toughness and what will to survive he had in 1897, only a couple of years earlier. A final argument for his chances was his relative youth.

If he had lived on, even if he had not "developed" beyond the point already reached in his best stories (a point that few others have ever reached), he could hardly have failed to write others as good. We have seen in our time that the best writers as they mature become journalists—Sartre, Camus, Mauriac, Hemingway. Crane might have been the great correspondent that the First World War failed to produce. It fascinates me to speculate on the kind and quality of the work Crane would have done if he had recovered, even partially, and gone through with his escape to Texas. I cannot agree with Professor Stallman's opinion, expressed in 1952, that Crane's "death at twenty-eight resulted in no loss to literature. He had exhausted his genius." Stallman supported this by quoting Garland, an older man who was in the beginning kind to Crane but became resentful when outstripped by him. Garland, a congenital stuffed shirt, couldn't write for free seeds. It is perhaps unfair to tilt against the Stallman of 1952. His researches show such devotion to Crane that he may well have shifted his attitude on the young author's capacity for growth. But he wrote then, "He produced too much, he kept repeating himself, and he never developed."

As a workman, Crane developed sharply between "The Red Badge," written in 1893 and published in 1895, and "The Blue Hotel," which was conceived during his Western trip of 1895 and written in 1898. The only period of his brief life during which he produced too much, kept repeating himself, and so on, was in 1899 and 1900, the time of Brede. Even a baseball player is not ruled through because he has one bad season, and that under dreadful circumstances, and a tenor's high C is



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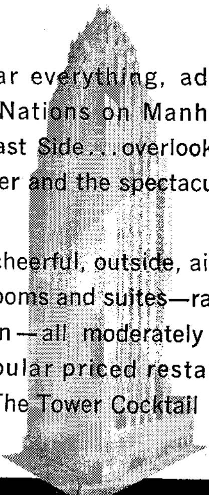

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There's another small point we'd like to make. We've said that an investor should be a bit of a philosopher, and a philosopher, by definition, is devoted to wisdom. You provide the devotion—and the cash, and we'll put our accumulated wisdom in market matters at your disposal. Fair enough?

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not judged by how he performs with one leg in a bear trap. The quality of the work admittedly fell off. As a beginner, Crane had had to cure himself of writing pastiches of Kipling, and at Brede he began to write pastiches of Crane. He had no time to let themes ripen in his mind. Once he began, he always wrote swiftly, but now when he began wrong he could not afford to tear up his work and start on a better line. I think, myself, that Crane might have written long novels of an originality as hard to imagine, in retrospect, as "Maggie" and "The Red Badge" would have been to anticipate. His chief problem would have been to keep free of another syndrome of advances and effort to catch up with them.

Dostoevski said that not one of his novels was two-thirds as good as it would have been if he had not had to hurry it in order to extract another advance. In the years leading up to his exile, in 1849, he wrote to the publisher Kraevski, "I struggle with my small creditors like Laocoön with the serpent!" (or Crane with the wine merchant at Brede), and, again, "To keep my promise and get the work in on time, I forced myself, and wrote things as bad as 'The Lodger;' I was stupefied and humiliated by having written it, and for a long time afterward could not concentrate on more serious work. Each of these botched jobs brings on an attack of my illness"—an "inflammation of the brain," later identified as epilepsy. Relief came from an unexpected quarter—he was exiled to Siberia for eight years, during which he was forbidden to publish. Crane had no such luck.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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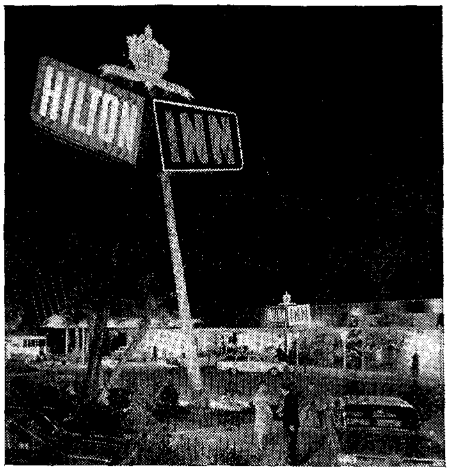

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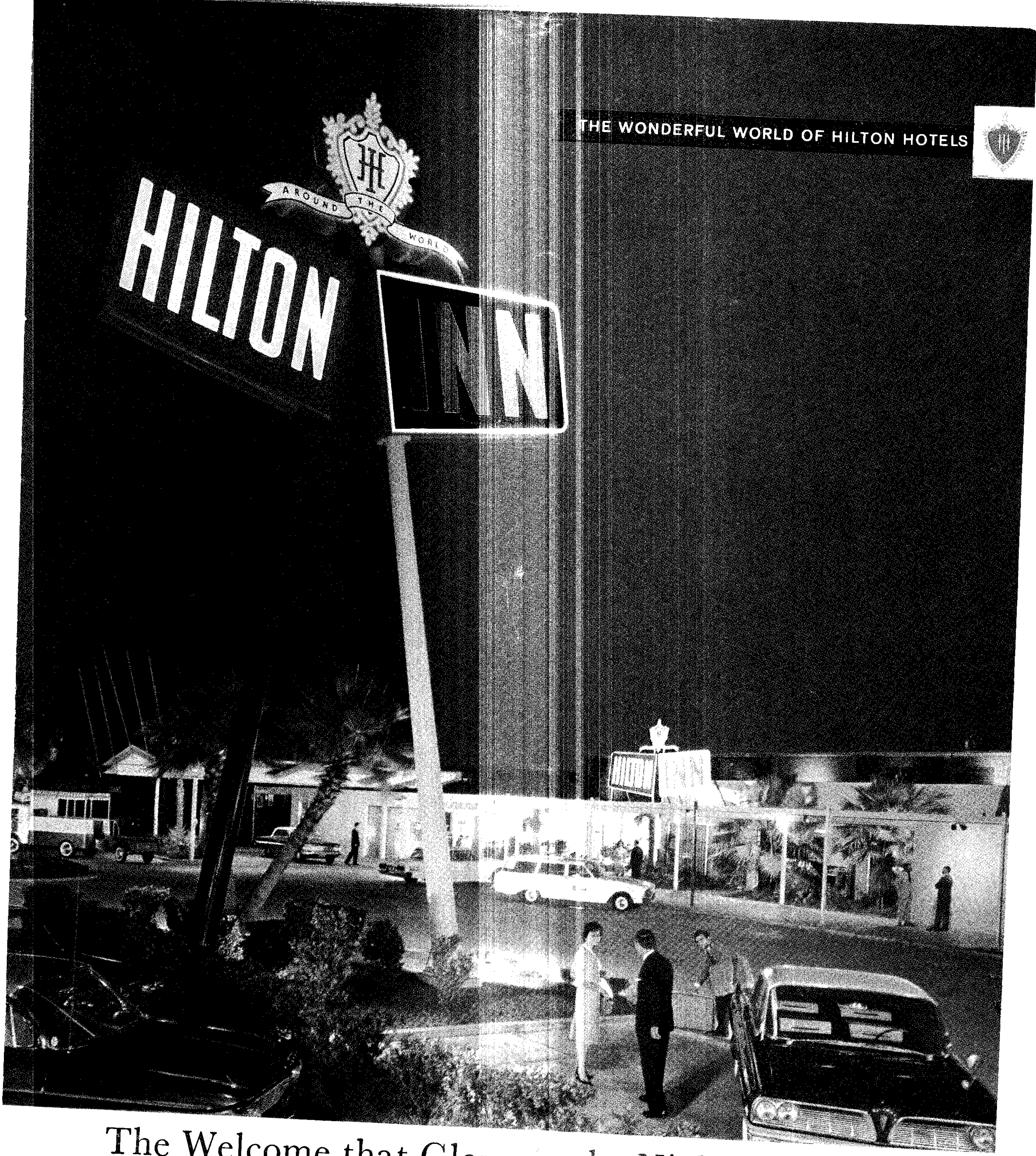

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